

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXI.—No. 805.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8th, 1912.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



SPEAIGHT.

LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS AND HER SON.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Violet Charteris and Her Son	845, 846
Open-air Schools and Camps. (Leader)	846
Country Notes	847
In June, by Lady Margaret Sackville	847
The Irish Night Mail, by Celia Congreve	848
Zoological Photographs at Regent's Park. (Illustrated)	849
Wild Country Life, by H. A. Bryden	853
Tales of Country Life: A Mixed Bag, by Bertram Smith	855
In the Garden: The Long-spurred Columbine. (Illustrated)	856
Stamp Day—The New Domestic Tax	857
A Curious New Fish from East Africa, by Professor G. A. Boulenger. (Illustrated)	858
A Kennel of Sellers, by Douglas Cairns. (Illustrated)	859
At a Russian Monastery	860
Country Home: Knole.—III., by H. Avray Tipping. (Illustrated)	862
Agricultural Notes	872
Literature	873
The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787—1817 (Richard Edgcumbe); The Fugitive Years (Katharine Simpson); A Health Unto His Majesty (J. Huntly McCarthy); The Sea Devils (J. Bloundelle Burton).	
The Horse and Pony Show at Ranelagh. (Illustrated by G. D. Armour)	874
On the Green, by Horace Hutchinson and Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated)	875
Correspondence	877
Grouse, Ryper and the Mendelian Theory (L. Doncaster, W. P. Pycraft and H. Wormald); A Gharial at the Zoo (E. G. Boulenger); Holding the Bride and Groom to Ransom (A. Vowles); Pheasant's Eye Narcissi (Lord Dunsinglass); A Curious Swarm (A. Herbert); A Nest in a Pump (Harry Day); A Matter of Habit (Amos Maudslay); The Housing Problem Among Birds; Cause of Death to Nestlings (R. Eardley Wilmod); Ancient Irrigation; The Devil's Stinkhorn (A. R. Brakspear); A Modern Titania; A Norfolk Swimming Hen; A Successful Small Holder (F. E. Green).	
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)	3*
A Lesser Country House of the XVI Century: East Mascal's Manor. (Illustrated)	7*
Racing Notes. (Illustrated)	11*
Polo Notes. (Illustrated)	12*
Kennel Notes: The Keigate Hound Show, by H. A. Bryden. (Illustrated)	16*
Shooting Notes	20*
The Automobile World: A Collection of Veterans, etc. (Illustrated)	22*
The Country House: Volts and Amps, by M. Maberly Smith. (Illustrated)	32*
Badger-digging	36*
At First Sight	40*
The German Woman in Agriculture, by Eveline Milford	42*
For Town and Country. (Illustrated)	46*

OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS AND CAMPS.

IN the Educational Supplement to *The Times* this week there is a well-informed article describing what it calls the new health movement, that is to say, the provision of open-air schools for the use of delicate children. London has a number of such establishments. Three were opened on April 1st, and a class from one of the Islington schools is now held in Finsbury Park. Bradford, Halifax and Sheffield have open-air schools, and the last-mentioned is so satisfied with the result that another is being built. The Leicester Education Committee last year sent twenty boys and twenty girls to an open-air school at Mablethorpe. In this case the parents paid a minimum of one shilling a week towards the maintenance of each child. The Liverpool Education Authority has an open-air school at Roby for children who are physically defective, to which boys and girls from the Liverpool special schools are sent. The Coventry Education Committee have been sending delicate children to farmhouses in the country, and the results are so good that they are trying to improve on the idea, and are building a new elementary school with a roof that can be used as an open-air class-room. Mr. and Mrs. Barrow Cadbury have presented Birmingham with the Uffculme open-air school, which stands five hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, and has accommodation for one hundred children, who are chosen from the weak and anæmic in the Birmingham elementary schools. The Worcester Committee is about to establish an open-air school with accommodation for forty children. These are the main facts in relation

to a movement which is very widespread. It is, undoubtedly, a good movement, and one calculated to benefit others than those who are positively feeble. More open air is desirable for all the children in our elementary schools. Those who have been in the habit of visiting them are only too well aware that it is only one master or mistress out of a hundred who is fully alive to the advantages of thorough ventilation, and the nostril of the visitor is a sure indicator of the foulness of the air. Despite all the greater cleanliness insisted upon by the authorities, it is impossible that children collected out of cottages and tenements should be wholly clean, and, at any rate, the breaths of so many people within a small area are sufficient to pollute the air, to the great danger of those who have a tendency towards pulmonary or any other disease. Therefore, it is in every way desirable that the system of open-air schools should be extended.

Equal praise may be bestowed on the various schemes for children's camps out. This is a great improvement on the older plan of boarding them at cottages and farmhouses. To this latter method there are many strong practical objections. The cottager may find the small payment made for each boarder a convenience; but, as a rule, he wishes the said boarder to have as much open-air as possible, not exactly for health's sake, but that the cottage may be free of his company. In other words, children who are sent into rural districts to board are in most instances turned out to fend for themselves. In consequence, they get into all sorts of mischief and become a nuisance to those who are engaged in any kind of husbandry. They are mostly town children and, therefore, have no idea of the ills that may flow from leaving gates open or breaking down fences. They have not been taught, as a country child is taught, that it may be a very injurious thing to chase domestic animals such as cows and sheep. They throw stones at ducks and geese and chickens; and when they do nothing positively wrong, they still hang about in a very objectionable manner, and, without unkindness, it ought also to be said that, in many cases, they carry premature vice to the villages. Some of them, at least, have come from polluted homes and are themselves a pollution to the neighbourhood.

All these evils could be ameliorated, if not avoided altogether, by the general adoption of some camping arrangement. In spite of the annual exodus to the seaside, there are many hundreds of miles of shore where a seaside camp would be an inconvenience to nobody. There the delicate child from the town need be a nuisance to nobody. Much of his or her leisure might be very usefully devoted to the duties of the camp. There should be no need for service of any kind except that of superintendence. Boys and girls alike might be taught to make their own beds, air and put away their sleeping things in the morning when they rise, clean their own boots as regularly as they wash or bathe, cook their own breakfasts and wash and put away the dishes afterwards; light a fire and cook their dinner, or, at any rate, gangs of them could take this duty in turn. In fact, they should be taught at a camp to shift for themselves and be, in a sense, self-supporting. This would do them more good than even the open air, and, if combined with regular hours of study, would leave them with less of those hours of idleness which lead to so much mischief. Such leisure as they had they would naturally spend in games among themselves, where there was a considerable number. The camping-out system then is very much superior in every way to that of boarding out in farmhouses. It would be a good thing if the educational authorities would give some practical guidance for the benefit of those who would like to ascertain the expense it involved. What is the sort of tent recommended? What is the minimum quantity of dishes for food, and equipment of other kinds? What are the best and most economical methods of feeding such children, remembering that the food must be nutritious and appetising as well as cheap? These are the questions that the Board of Education might do well to answer in a public manner, so that any county council or other body wishing to camp out certain of their children could know approximately beforehand what expense would be involved thereby.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Violet Charteris and her little son Francis. Lady Violet Charteris, a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, married in 1911 the Hon. Hugo Francis Charteris, the eldest son of Lord Elcho and the grandson of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

THERE was a touch of excusable melancholy in the reply made by Mr. Thomas Hardy on Sunday, when Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Henry Newbolt, representing the Royal Society of Literature, presented him with a gold medal as a birthday honour. Mr. Hardy was obviously conscious and proud of the distinction, but he remarked rather ruefully that at the age of seventy-two it was rather late to give a schoolboy a medal and, unfortunately, he had no son to whom he might pass it on with the knowledge that it would be faithfully preserved as an emblem of a father's honour. He suggested that in cases other than his own the Royal Society of Literature might do good by conferring distinction at an earlier age, so that the recipient might be urged to further effort. It was the high value that Mr. Hardy placed upon the medal that caused him to make the suggestion; but the Royal Society of Literature would probably be slow to act on it. Anyone who has, during the course of his life, paid attention to the rise and fall of literary reputations knows very well that, when merit is acclaimed in a young writer, it happens as often as not that in a few years it is discovered that what appeared merit was only shoddy, that "the idols were stone that we deemed divine," and that, after all, the literary man, like any other, is best when dependent upon his own manly exertion and not on the patronage of anybody.

Mr. Hardy probably had some thought of this kind himself, because he went on to discuss the present state of literature in a most acute and helpful manner. "While millions have lately been learning to read, few of them have been learning to discriminate; and the result is an appalling increase every day in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago." There is a great deal of truth in the statement, though we do not think it states the whole of the truth. Anyone who will take the trouble to look up the popular literature of a century ago will find plenty of bad writing; but he will also find that a taste in literature was confined to a comparatively small circle of good judges, who set the fashion to the rest. To-day the readiest way to fortune is to appeal not to the fastidious few, but to the vulgar multitude, that multitude which allowed "Omar Khayyám" to rot on the penny bookshelf till a literary man pointed out its merits, that paid no attention to "Lorna Doone" until in its stupid manner it thought there was an association between Lorna and the Marquess of Lorne, then about to be married to the Princess Louise. Both of these books—and they are samples of thousands of others—are adulated to-day by the same crowd that did not recognise them in their infancy. It is equally true that the people who have made the most money out of imaginative literature in recent years have been the most conspicuous quacks and charlatans in letters; so that recognition in the early part of a writer's career is not always as easy as it looks.

After describing incisively the Muse of Poetry's flight from Fleet Street and the horrible influence which American journalism has exercised over that of England, Mr. Hardy went on to argue that "the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse." He backed it up with the saying that the best poetry is also the best prose. Anyone who thinks this a mere paradox may be asked to turn a fine passage in Shakespeare into prose that will be as concise as the verse and still convey the author's meaning fully and clearly. Unless he is a genius he will find it impossible. We are glad that Mr. Hardy has made this protest. That man shall not live by bread alone is as true now as on the day when it was first uttered, and if we substitute for bread

all the materialism that finds expression in luxuries and foods and drinks and games, it still remains an incomplete sustenance. The mind requires for health at least an occasional taste of that imaginative and inner beauty which, when it finds expression in words, we call poetry, and when in form of colour we call painting. Luckily, however, Fleet Street is but a small part of the universe, and there is evidence that, though the crowd may create cheap popularity, there are still a few to keep the lamp of poetry alight.

Talking of English, it would be interesting to know what the Master of Downing means by the phrase, "a lawyer and phenomenal Chancellor of the Exchequer." This use of the word phenomenal we thought to be the exclusive monopoly of the freelance journalist. One notices it all the more because it forms part of an ill-tempered ending to a very able letter. Mr. Howard Marsh is anxious to impress on the public mind the fact that the most valuable medicine and even surgery is preventive in character. The time has gone past when we expected from doctors only that they should treat disease after it had occurred. Their real business is to discover the cause of disease and show how it may be avoided. In other words, this is the day when the horn of the bacteriologist is exalted in the land. He must go about with his microscope and his gelatine investigating the character of microbes and the effects they are producing. Even in surgery this principle has been adopted with the very best results. When Pasteur found out that the inflammation after a wound was the work of bacteria, the first idea of Lister and the other great doctors who followed in his steps when he initiated the antiseptic movement was to destroy the bacteria. Nowadays, the aim of the physician is to prevent them getting to work, and in that way the healing of wounds has been vastly accelerated. Thus is made manifest once more the truth of the honest old saying that "prevention is better than cure."

IN JUNE.

Not a whisper stirs the woods—scarce a gleam
Breaks the thickly twining boughs—'tis an hour
Purposeless and silent—voiceless as a dream—
Oh! for a little moment let the dream have power!
I will be quiet a little and listen to my dream!

Something violent, and sweet and kind and free,
Lurks among the shadows, and where sunbeams creep
Through paths of cool green bracken, stirs, bewildering me!
Oh! what is this that lies on the other side of sleep
Which was once, is not now and never again shall be.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

The curators of the Bodleian Library have made an excellent choice in selecting Mr. Falconer Madan as their librarian in succession to the late Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Madan has had unusual opportunities of learning the details of his work, as he has been for thirty-two years sub-librarian. He was born in 1851, his father being Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, who sent him to Marlborough to be educated. His bookish tastes and literary accomplishments are very well known from his works, some of which have been very widely read, and all of them are entitled to the highest respect because of their scholarship and accuracy. Mr. Falconer Madan ought to make an ideal librarian, and both he and the curators should be congratulated on a choice that is sure to be mutually satisfactory.

Among other advantages enjoyed by "the immediate heir of England" is that he comes of age three years sooner than less highborn mortals. The eighteenth birthday of the Prince of Wales will be celebrated on Sunday, June 23rd, and for the occasion he will return from France to England and join the Royal party, which will be at Windsor for Ascot. It is expected that afterwards he will go with the King and Queen to Cardiff, so that the Welsh people will have a special opportunity of celebrating the coming of age of their Prince. After that he will stay at home till the end of the month and then return to France, coming back to England and going with the King and Queen to Scotland before entering as an undergraduate at Oxford. The Regency Act, under which this coming of age is regulated, provides that, should a child of the King be called to the Throne while under eighteen years of age, the Queen will act as Regent, but after that age he shall fill the Throne himself.

A report of great value and interest has been issued by the Departmental Committee which was appointed to enquire into the outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease that have occurred recently. The investigation will be still more thoroughly conducted in India, because scientific knowledge has not as

yet disclosed the true nature of foot-and-mouth disease and the method by which contagion is conveyed. Experiments will be carried out in India for the purpose of determining these questions. At present, what we know about it is that an outbreak is not spontaneous, but is carried by infection. We know also that, since adequate precautions began to be taken, there has been a very large diminution in the number of cases; but what is not known is the origin of the recent outbreaks, except, indeed, the one at Edinburgh, which was traced. The committee have done good in enumerating the possible causes of contagion, so that precautions can be adopted. These are: Hay and straw; milk and milk products; hides and skins, heads and feet, carcasses of calves in skins and vaccine lymph; hoofs, horns, bones and other animal offals; persons and their clothing. If it be considered how widely prevalent foot-and-mouth disease is on the Continent, and how continuous the traffic between this country and those where it has not been subdued, we cannot help wondering, not that infection has been carried, but that this country has escaped so lightly.

A very important change in London arrangements will have been effected when the Post Office introduce the scheme of a tube railway to carry mails and parcels, as it was described by Mr. Herbert Samuel in the House of Commons. An experimental railway has been built at Chelmsford under the superintendence of Mr. Kenneth Stuart, and in America the system has been in existence for a good number of years. The underground railway for letters is worked by means of cars controlled from a central point, and stop automatically at the stations to which they have to deliver by an ingenious contrivance. At the same time it is probable that pneumatic tubes will be established for the delivery of goods. The first parcel was sent through the Philadelphia tube on February 17th, 1893, by Mr. Wanamaker, then Postmaster-General, and head of a gigantic dry goods store. The adaptation of the system is being considered in Paris at the present time. The service by pneumatic tube is the most rapid in existence. The rate is thirty miles an hour, and from four to ten despatches are made per minute, thus ensuring the prompt despatch of mails and parcels. It would take away a great deal of the work now done above ground and, therefore, tending to increase the congestion, and it would expedite enormously the delivery of letters and parcels.

For two or three years now we have been receiving laments from many parts of England that the nightingale's song has not been heard as frequently as of old, and the sad conviction begins to be forced upon us that the numbers of that incomparable songster of our copses and shrubberies are diminishing. We hear the same complaint about several others of our insect-feeding birds which come to us only as summer visitors, such as the swallow and the house-martin. It is a loss to the beauty of our country life if we miss their graceful form and flight, and no doubt their value is considerable as destroyers of noxious insects. But the æsthetic loss that a decrease in their numbers occasions is as nothing in comparison with that of the nightingale's song. It is not very easy to know to what we should attribute the diminution in the numbers of the bird. It is a lover of the copses and of shrubberies of a certain height, and perhaps there has been something like a general clearance of the copse wood as the land is taken up more and more for building; but, still, it hardly seems extensive enough to furnish an adequate reason.

The Head-master of Eton has called forth a host of disclaimers by his denunciation of lawn tennis as a lop-sided game. He said this at an inopportune moment, because lawn tennis was never so popular as it is just now, and those who affect it are entitled to claim that it is one of the best of all outdoor exercises, and will stand comparison even with golf and cricket. It demands as much co-operation of hand and eye as either of them, and it is inferior to no game in the demand it makes upon activity, promptitude and general readiness. Those who have a lively memory of the aches and pains that follow the first game after the winter interlude will readily agree that it exercises every muscle of the body. Moreover, it is a game very suitable for small parties. There is, perhaps, too much running in single tennis to suit those whose joints have lost the suppleness of youth; but young people of an energetic disposition enjoy it thoroughly, while double tennis is a game that can be either played by the elderly at an ambling pace, or gives full scope for those who are still in the prime of life. Also, it is generally played among the most agreeable surroundings; for what can be more delightful than a tennis lawn situated in close proximity to a beautiful garden, where the air is pervaded with the scent of flowers and rings with bird songs. We hope Mr. Lyttelton will recant his heretical doctrine in regard to lawn tennis.

Special attention should be given to the comments made by our automobile expert on the petrol question, which has come very much to the front of late. The facts are remarkable. While the small cab companies can purchase their spirit at a price which enables them to retail it to the drivers at eightpence a gallon, and the London General Omnibus Company pay about fivepence a gallon, the largest garages cannot obtain it for less than one shilling and fourpence a gallon, which brings the lowest retail price up to one shilling and sixpence. Why is this? Sir Marcus Samuel admitted that, so far as prices were concerned, competition had ceased. On this our contributor makes the pertinent comment: "Here one has the matter in a nutshell and, understanding or no understanding, it is clear that the entire automobile movement is at the mercy of the importers of motor spirit." This is the kernel of the situation, and the public will do well to seize hold of it and not to be led astray by disquisitions about the inconvenience of not allowing petrol to come further up the river than Thames Haven. This may or may not be a legitimate grievance, but it does not affect the greater one.

THE IRISH NIGHT MAIL.

The North-Country station is cheerless and grim—
The lamps, in the hot stuffy darkness, burn dim.
All is silent,—deserted,—the slow moments creep.—
Day's traffic is over, the world is asleep.
A sound in the distance! A sound faint and small—
How it grows and it grows till it dominates all!
And a glorious monster all blazing with light
Sweeps thundering past me and into the night—
And my heart is caught up like the dust in its trail
To join in its journey the Irish Night Mail.

Oh it's I that will see at the breaking of day
The summer sun rising o'er fair Dublin Bay—
While the mists of the morning their soft folds unfurl,
And the light is all shining through mother-of-pearl.
Then away to the West over bog-land and streams
To those dim purple hills and the home of my dreams—
Oh the sweet airs that stir in the bog-blossom frail!—
How it mocks one with visions!—the Irish Night Mail.

The warm summer twilight is fading away
And the tall hills around me are solemn and grey,
The road winds along between mountain and lake,—
In the little white cabins the lights are awake.
The scent of the turf-fires comes to me again
With a sweetness so sweet that it changes to pain—
And the vision lies dead like the dust on the trail
Of that mighty magician—the Irish Night Mail.

CELIA CONGREVE.

Collectors will be very greatly interested in the Sheffield plate case which was tried at Westminster a few days ago. The story told by Mr. Kerly, the counsel for the prosecution, was that the defendant had two or three shops, and described himself as a dealer in antiques and Sheffield plate. The prosecutor, wanting to buy a wedding present to send to America, went to the defendant's shop in Sloane Street and asked for some Sheffield plate. The lady assistant showed him three finger-bowls, which she described as Sheffield and old. Mr. Cotterill bought them for three guineas. The receipt described the articles as three Sheffield plate finger-bowls. It was discovered afterwards that they were electro-plate "got up" to represent Sheffield plate. Whereupon the buyer went to the defendant and asked for his money back; but did not get it. He then got into communication with the Sheffield Cutlers' Company, who, said Mr. Kerly, were determined if they could to prevent persons passing off modern imitations made to be sold fraudulently as Sheffield plate.

The collector can easily deduce the proper moral from the case. If our readers in buying old furniture, old silver or old Sheffield plate would insist on having an invoice technically describing the goods they buy—thus, "guaranteed unrestored old Sheffield plate," or whatever the case may be—they would place themselves in a very strong position as against dealers of ill-repute and would be helping dealers of good repute who would not descend to these tricks. On the other hand, the Sheffield Cutlers' Company are entitled to high praise for the zeal with which they defend the purity of their craft. If similar companies would cultivate the same spirit, the way of the transgressing "faker" would become harder than it is. Often comparisons are drawn between the austere strictness of the mediæval trade guilds and the easy negligence of the modern tradesman. But the Cutlers' Company of Sheffield would come out of such with flying colours.

ZOOLOGICAL PHOTOGRAPHS AT REGENT'S PARK



Riley Fortune.

THE COMMON SEAL AT REST.

Copyright.

LAST week a preliminary account of the unique exhibition of the Zoological Photographic Club in Regent's Park was given, showing the number of entries, their classification and the methods adopted by the photographers. Indeed, on the last topic there is a temptation to write too much. Technicality is best left to the photographic journals. When a photographer writes exclusively for photographers, he very properly deals with the various mysteries of his craft and is less concerned with the merit of the pictures than the means by which they have been obtained. Members of the general public look with different eyes and are primarily concerned only with the fidelity and beauty of the picture. Is it true to life and is it a fine rendering from nature? are to them the two essential questions. Generally speaking, they can verify the copy from the original. There are very few who have not seen a wild hare

in the attitude which Dr. Penrose has so skilfully photographed. Poor Wat sits in the field as we have all seen him, a watchful and somehow a melancholy figure, authentic and recognisable. He is under no control and is free from a suspicion of tameness. He will remind our readers of a series of kindred studies which Dr. Penrose contributed to our pages a few years ago. The wild hare is a difficult subject, and this

picture was not obtained save by the exercise of great patience and the possession of much accurate fieldlore. It creates a wish for more hare photographs to illustrate the spring behaviour. From the popular proverb, "As mad as a March hare," it is clear that the most interesting phase of Wat's history is well understood. It is his hour of courtship. Since the passing of the Ground Game Act tenant farmers have been very lenient to one whom they used to denounce as the despoiler of their crops, and in consequence the



Riley Fortune.

THE COMMON SEAL SWIMMING.

Copyright.

capers cut by Wat when the winter wheat first carpets the fields with a thin and tender green are easily observed. His wild playing and leaping before the object of his desires, and the boxing matches with his rivals, have never, as far as our knowledge goes, been yet caught by the camera, and would make a delightful series. Of course, the hare is easily tamed, but he does not frolic with the same wild freedom when he has come into the habitation of man.

Only less familiar than the hare is the hedge-pig, cleverly photographed in its natural surroundings by Miss Frances Pitt. The element of wildness is probably wanting here, as it is Miss Pitt's custom to tame her animals and so control them to a considerable extent. But if that be the case, she has had the good judgment to place the little pig in a natural environment, and to show it in an attitude which comparatively few people have seen. The hedgehog appears to the country wanderer generally as a ball of spines, in many cases discovered by a yelping terrier or spaniel. Some dogs grow accustomed to dealing with a hedgehog, and make short work of getting hold of the vulnerable nose in spite of its prickly armour; but to others it is a disagreeable surprise, and after one attempt to uncoil the quarry they are content to show their fury by barking only. Not that the sight of a hedgehog is so difficult to obtain as that of an otter; those who are quiet in their movements



F. Penrose.

HARE AT LARGE.

Copyright.

and watchful with their eyes may frequently see it trotting along the headlands, and not unseldom followed by its prickly brood; but it is to a large extent nocturnal in its habits, and is not frequently seen in the act of eating and drinking, except it be kept in captivity.

Mr. Riley Fortune's seal pictures belong to an altogether different category. The word picture here is very aptly employed, because the photographer has been able to render the feeling of the sea and the surroundings natural to the seal

with perfect success. We do not know where he found his subject. The seal might possibly be in an aquarium; but, on the other hand, Mr. Fortune is so enthusiastic in his study of the flight of sea-birds, that he may very easily have in pursuit of them come across the *phoca*, to use the designation with which Jonathan Oldbuck tormented his nephew Hector. Probably it was more common to do so a hundred years or so ago, when Scott still was writing, than to-day. At any rate, the well-known scene in "The Antiquary" comes about in a very matter-of-fact manner. It does not seem to have struck the writer that there was anything at all out of the way in two gentlemen walking by the seashore after breakfast and finding a sleeping seal forsaken by the ebbing tide. It will be remembered that the valiant Hector rushed at the animal and assailed it with his uncle's walking-stick, with the result of meeting



Francis Ward.

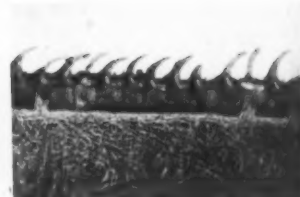
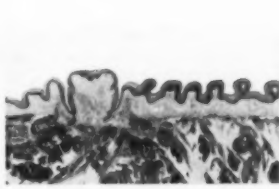
RAINBOW TROUT.

Copyright.

inglorious discomfort, which the old man's caustic wit turned to such good account that ever afterwards he dreaded the word *phoca*. Complaints are sometimes made that seals again are becoming too common round our coasts, that they destroy fish, and sometimes break the nets of the fishermen, especially the stake nets employed for catching salmon. It would not be at all surprising to learn that Mr. Riley Fortune had been able to make his excellent studies from the uncontrolled seals of the rock and offing. It is impossible to talk of water without thinking of the ingenious and most illuminating fish photographs of Dr. Francis Ward. His rainbow trout, of which we are enabled to show a reproduction, is a splendid example of an art which he has made his own. In this case a considerable amount of control is exercised, and in a manner which Dr. Ward has very fully and clearly explained in our own pages. The result is very interesting. It shows us with great exactitude the fish as they appear to the human eye looking through glass and water. What appearance a trout has to the eye of



Walter Bagshaw.



Copyright.

PHOTOMICROGRAPHS OF THE TONGUES OF A CAT, A MAN AND A RAT.

another trout is a question for which it is impossible to find any satisfactory answer. Dr. Ward's fish pictures are bound to form a very attractive feature of the exhibition. He has something like a score of them altogether, and among the fishes dealt with, in addition to the rainbow trout, are sea and brown trout, salmon, tench, bream, roach, rudd, chub, gudgeon and loach. The pike and dogfish are particularly good.

It was not originally our intention to show any birds in this article, but to confine ourselves to photographs of mammals and the lower forms of life, but it was very tempting to make an exception in favour of Mr. Alfred Taylor's two cuckoo

pictures. They constitute a triumph of instantaneous photography. Not one of the older naturalists who painted birds ever succeeded in giving so perfect a picture as this of the little mother and her outrageously large offspring. It puts to shame the most beautiful of the very beautifully-coloured drawings that adorn the pages of the earlier naturalists. The cuckoo comes out in it as the very embodiment of greed. There is a want of courage, a something hulking and evil in the cast of its eye and the shape of its head; while the foster-parent offers an exact contrast in her quick, bright action and maternal solicitude. Mr. Taylor has called one of the pictures "Open Aperture of Young Cuckoo"; the title is not without wit in its adroit employment of a well-known photographic phrase, but the point will appeal more to those who use a camera than to those members of the general public who will, no doubt, flock to the exhibition. Even in those pictures to which we have already alluded there is plenty of evidence, that the exactitude of the camera is in the way of correcting and supplementing previous knowledge in many different directions. It has forced illustrators of natural history books to study the appearance of the objects they show much more carefully, and render them with far more precision than they ever thought of doing before. In addition to this, photography has become an almost essential instrument in the hands of those engaged in scientific study. We give one or two examples in order to do justice to the breadth and catholicity of the exhibition. Those of Mr. Hugh Main strikingly demonstrate the great work which photography is doing in entomology. The photographer has obligingly given us the following note as to his intentions: "My idea in most of the work shown," he says, "is to record the various stages in the metamorphoses of insects of all orders, and to secure characteristic features, to illustrate peculiar habits and attitudes, etc. In number one of the Tortoise Beetle set the larva is shown on a leaf of the water-mint with the characteristic depredations. The larva has the habit of suspending over its back, attached to a sort of fork at its rear end, a canopy composed of its excreta, and also I believe including its cast skins. This serves



Frances Pitt.

HEDGEHOG DRINKING.

Copyright.

to disguise it, and no doubt gives it protection from some of its enemies. The next photographs show the larva with the canopy removed, and the chrysalis. Number four is the perfect beetle, resting on mint (which it also eats). It is a green colour just like the leaf." We show numbers one and four.

Visitors to the exhibition would probably have been glad if notes of this kind had been more freely inserted in the catalogue. Some of the series of photographs of British reptiles and amphibians tell their own tale very clearly by the titles; but others need explanation if the ordinary individual is to appreciate them. Mr. Douglas English is almost the only exhibitor

of a sheet-weaving spider, by Mr. Richard Hancock, of which we show a reproduction, would have been made more interesting by means of a terse little note.

Naturally, we have commented most freely upon the photographs which we have the pleasure of showing in our pages; but it must not be thought that they are more worthy of attention than those of other exhibitors. The President's bats will attract all students of natural history. They include the noctule bat, the pipistrelle, the serotine, natterer's bat and long-eared bat. His mice and rats are famous, and the entomologist knows the value of his study of butterflies and



A. Taylor.

FOSTER PARENT ALIGHTING ON YOUNG CUCKOO.

Copyright.

who has adopted the useful plan of giving simple and clear explanatory notes in the catalogue. On a future occasion we hope his example will be more widely followed. This refers with particular force to photomicrographs. We show three of a series of five tongues, exhibited by Dr. Walter Bagshaw, those omitted being the butterfly and the whelk. Here a note by the author would have been very much to the point. The not over-curious visitor might well pass along without noticing the very marked difference between the surface of a cat's tongue, a man's and a rat's. It is the same with a considerable portion of the insect photographs. They require some sort of elucidation to make the meaning plain. Even the very clear impression

moths. In the same field Mr. Hugh Main is also a distinguished worker, and he shows many things thoroughly worthy of attention. Miss Frances Pitt and Mr. Richard Hancock, Dr. Walter Bagshaw and Dr. Penrose also show very fine photographs of animals and of insects. Mr. Oxley Grabham has a curious out-of-the-way one of a hedgehog suckling young. Mr. William Farren shows a brood of five leverets in a form, with the note "An unusually large number. It is suggested that large litters are distributed by the mother in separate forms soon after birth." It will be seen that this part of the exhibition is full of information as well as being a joy to look at. At the same time it induces rather sad reflections, since it brings

to the mind the realisation of the steady dwindling of our wild fauna. The important members of the group have become very few in number, and the movement is still going on. It may be assumed that this is a necessary sequel to the advance of civilisation; the wild beast recedes as man advances, and there are not many places left in England of which it could be said truthfully:

And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

It is impossible to conclude without saying a word about the great benefit which the public are likely to derive from an examination of these pictures. There is, in the first place, the fine and pure pleasure to be derived from contemplating what is lifelike and beautiful. Greater still is the educative value and the stimulation of a love of natural history. No other study is quite as healthy as this. It takes those who follow it into the wide fields and green spaces, where they are out of the crowd and favourably situated for that quiet reflection which is the base of all wholesome activities. And the pictures show them what they ought to look for. There is not one of us but would like to observe all kinds of living things in their secret and unguarded moments. But few have the opportunity or, if they have the opportunity, the patience to watch and wait for the propitious moment. An honest attempt to do so, however slight it may be, will reveal to every spectator the extraordinary care and devotion which have gone to the production of these pictures. We are speaking at the moment particularly of the mammals and insects. The question of the bird-life is one that must be reserved for another occasion.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SCARCITY OF SWALLOWS.

WHATEVER the reasons—and many are alleged as the cause of the

increasing scarcity of these birds—swallows are, to my mind, distinctly rarer than they used to be. This season, especially, there seems to be a more than usual falling-off in the numbers of these most attractive migrants. Since I saw the first swallow of the year, early in April, I have been looking constantly for these birds in East Sussex and elsewhere, and have been struck by the great paucity of their numbers. The only place where I have seen them in anything like the plenty that one used to remember was at Bodiam Castle, that magnificent feudal ruin on the extreme eastern border of Sussex, where, on May 17th, I saw many swallows and a fair number of house-martins, flitting freely in search of food over the waters of the huge moat which is so striking a feature of this splendid ruin.

A SWALLOWS' PARADISE.

Bodiam Castle was built in 1386 by Sir Edward Dalyntruge, a warrior of Crecy and Poitiers. So magnificent was the workmanship of its massive walls that, even now, despite the passage of more than five hundred years, they stand strong and resolute, apparently inexpugnable by time and tempest for generations yet to come. The castle has long been deserted by human inhabitants, and its interior allowed to go to ruin. The moat, of lake-like proportions, is, I suppose, one of the largest in England; it measures three hundred and fifty feet by five hundred and forty feet, and, fed by the waters of the Rother, is always full. Its surface is almost completely covered by water-lilies, amid which innumerable moorhens seem always to be enjoying the best of times.



A. Taylor.

"OPEN APERTURE" OF YOUNG CUCKOO.

Copyright.

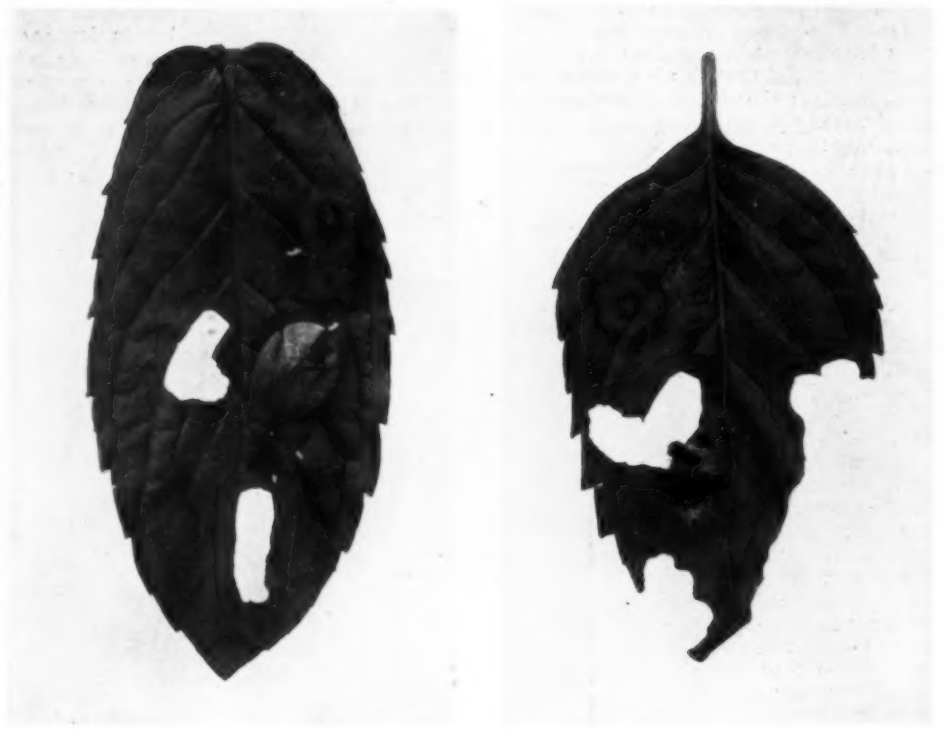
The swallows find in Bodiam Castle a perfect Elysium. Through the deserted doorways and narrow windows, loopholes and arrow-slits you may watch them speeding back and forth, paying constant visits to their nests; and about the waters of the moat and down the lush meadows of the adjacent Rother they find a never-failing supply of insect food. Here, too, martins are much in evidence; daws and starlings are also to be seen about the ancient walls, where they find just the nesting-places that they love.

REASONS FOR DEARTH OF SWALLOWS.

But, except at lovely Bodiam, I have, as I say, seen but few swallows and martins this year. For some years past their numbers, I am convinced, have been growing steadily less. What is the real reason for this decline? It cannot be said that lack of suitable food has this season had anything to do with it. I never remember midges and gnats so abundant or so early in any spring as in this year of 1912. I believe a variety of reasons combine to check the migration of these charming hirundines to our shores. In the first place, the immense slaughter of these and other small birds in Southern Europe must sooner or later have effect. The vast legions of sparrows to be found in England at the present day have, too, probably some effect in checking the numbers and preventing the return of a certain number of swallows and house-martins, especially of the latter. Sparrows, as we all know, are constantly in the habit of taking possession of the nests of these birds when built. This is a constantly-growing habit, unfortunately, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that generations of this kind of persecution may end in driving martins and swallows out of the country and leading them to seek new and less-afflicted summer haunts in other countries.

BIRDS AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

I see in a recent *Spectator* the theory raised that wireless telegraphy may have something to do in disturbing the sense of direction in birds while on passage. The idea is certainly ingenious; but it is very difficult of proof, and we shall require a considerable mass of evidence before we can venture to form an opinion upon so difficult a question. In a letter contributed by Mr. C. S. Harris to that paper the evidence of Captain Fraser, Mayor of Hove, is quoted. This gentleman is a well-known breeder of homing pigeons, and in his opinion wireless telegraphy is answerable for a distinct increase which he now sustains in the number of his pigeons that fail to return. This increase of lost birds seems to be co-existent with the spread of wireless telegraphy. If hereafter it should be proved that wireless telegraphy does interfere with the



Hugh Main.

CASSIDA EQUESTRIS (TORTOISE BEETLE).

(From the Exhibition of the Zoological Photographic Club.)

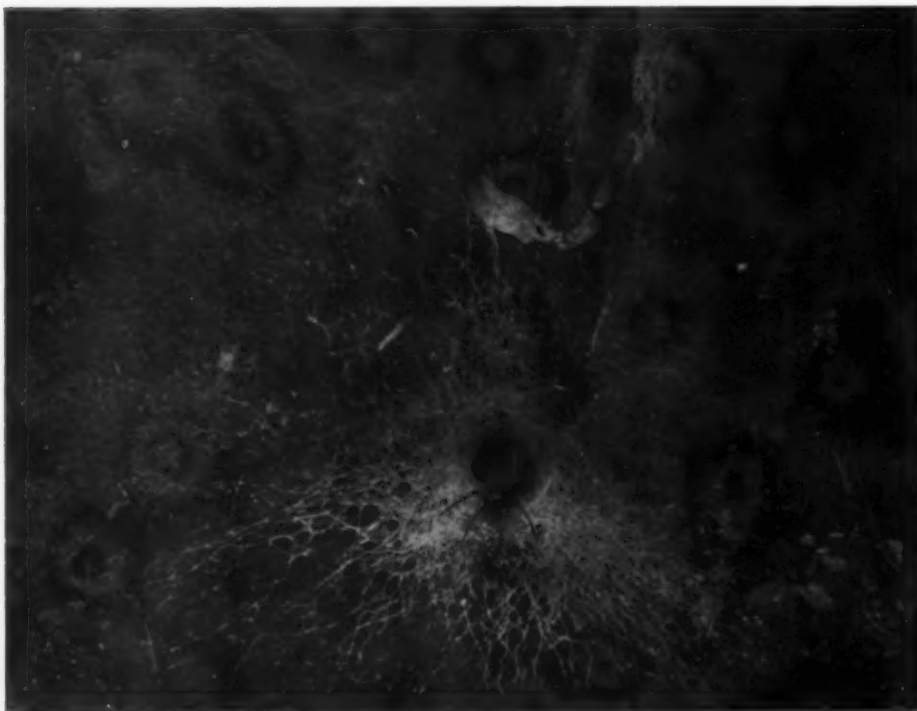
Copyright

mysterious sense of direction which birds seem to possess, and that homing pigeons especially are baffled and lost in consequence, a strange and disturbing element in the future migration of wild birds may be revealed to us. Wireless telegraphy, spread as it soon will be over every ocean, might thus conceivably end in completely upsetting the present system of bird migration, a system which has endured during countless thousands of years. At present this disturbing vista has only just been placed before our minds; let us hope the theory may prove to be untenable.

SHORT-EARED OWLS IN SUSSEX MARSHES.

Each winter that I hunt hare over the broad marsh levels of East Sussex I see a good many short-eared owls. In some seasons they are more plentiful than in others, but they are never absent from the Pevensy and Horselye Levels during the winter months. I have always had an idea that in this favoured tract a pair or two of the birds might remain behind to nest, even although the rest of their fellows had betaken themselves elsewhere. This spring I have carefully explored the particular haunts of these owls—tracts of long tussocky grass—with a view to determining the point. A thorough search has convinced me that this season, at all events, no "woodcock owls," as they are often called, are nesting in these great expanses of marshland. I need hardly say that my quest was not for the purpose of taking eggs, but of establishing, if possible, the actual nesting of these birds in this part of Sussex. I believe a pair or two are known to have nested in Kent within recent years, and I do not despair of finding a similar occurrence in East Sussex. The most favourite British breeding haunts of these owls are our Northern moorlands, the Hebrides (Inner and Outer) and the Orkney Islands. During the great vole plague on the Scottish Border in 1890-91 it was estimated that four hundred pairs of short-eared owls bred in the locality, a quite abnormal increase, occasioned, of course, by the extraordinary abundance of the food supply yielded by the vole incursion.

H. A. BRYDEN.

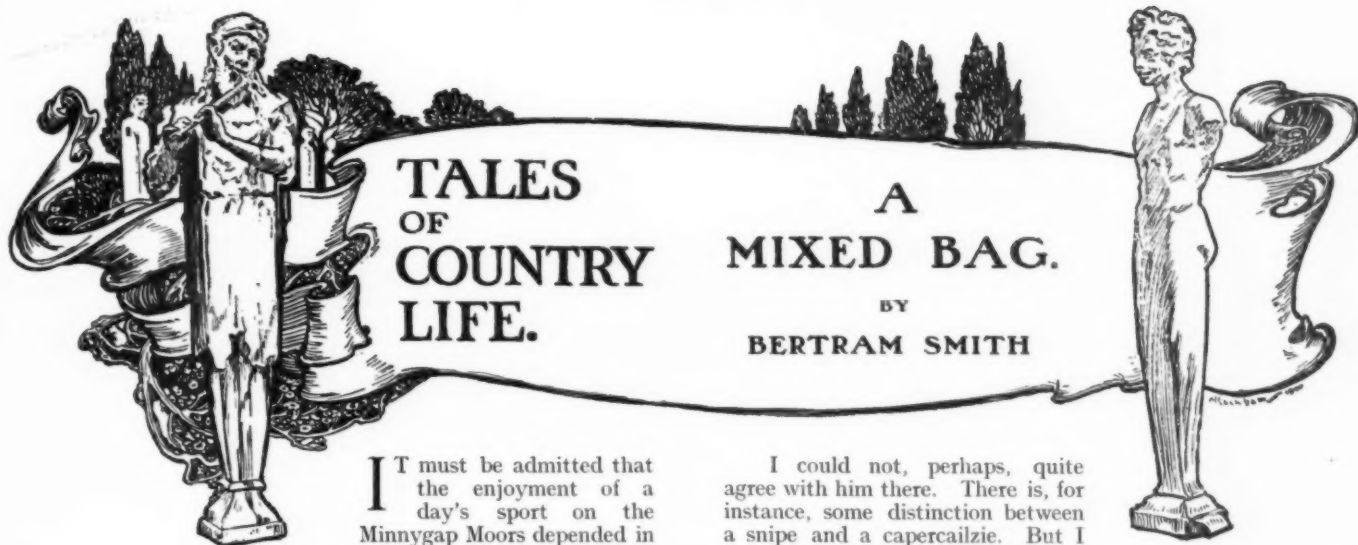


Richard Hancock.

SHEET-WEAVING SPIDERS.

(From the Exhibition of the Zoological Photographic Club.)

Copyright.



IT must be admitted that the enjoyment of a day's sport on the Minnygap Moors depended in a very great degree upon the

frame of mind of my worthy uncle, Sir John Langham; and there was no one whom he despised so heartily as the Incomplete Sportsman. To mistake one bird for another, to shoot a grey hen, to be caught napping with an unloaded gun, not to keep in line—these were the "little things that stamp a man," according to my uncle. Certainly they led to many regrettable scenes. I shall not soon forget the first day that Professor Somers was shooting with us.

It was very early in the season and we were still walking up grouse. I found myself between Sir John and the Professor at the moment when an old cock pheasant rose at my feet out of the bracken and swung down the hill. He crossed behind the Professor, very high and travelling at a great speed before the wind. Upon which the Professor bowled him over. It was a fine shot, and for myself, I rather admired his pluck. There is admittedly a popular prejudice (not to speak of legal restrictions) against bagging the pheasant in the month of August. But, after all, it was an old cock, by no means likely to return to the coverts, and it was a magnificently high bird. These reflections were cut short by a sharp query from my right, where Sir John was peering over a little knoll.

"What was that, Alan?" he demanded.

"The Professor," said I, diplomatically.

"Was it grouse?" Sir John was already striding down the hill, and well I knew that we were in for it.

"It sounded to me like a pheasant," he remarked, as he came up to me. "Did you see it?"

"The dog's looking for it, whatever it was," said I.

At that moment the dog lifted his head and trotted complacently back to his master bearing a bird whose appearance, even from where we stood, was quite unmistakable and whose long tail swept the heather.

My uncle's first words as he bore down upon the hapless Professor need not, perhaps, be quoted here. I followed, hoping that at least I might have some opportunity of helping out the culprit. By no great stretch of the imagination it might have been supposed that the sun was in his eyes and it was a pure accident. Or would he stick to his guns and maintain that an old cock pheasant three miles from the nearest coverts was fair game at any time of the year? But the Professor's defence "stamped him," as my uncle would say, irretrievably.

"I must apologise, Sir John," he remarked, cheerfully. "I really had no intention—"

"I don't quite understand you," said my uncle, coldly.

"To tell you the truth," the Professor announced, evidently quite satisfied with his explanation, "I thought it was a wild duck!"

My uncle was so amazed at this naive defence that he returned to his place in the line without another word. But things were exceedingly uncomfortable at lunch, and for the rest of the day he glared and frowned, stormed at keepers and swore at dogs, in quite his best style, and finally walked home by himself in advance of the rest of the party, muttering smothered ejaculations. The Professor was my companion. He at once took me into his confidence.

"I am afraid I have annoyed your uncle with that unfortunate shot. I am always getting into trouble," he remarked. "The truth is that one needs to be brought up to it, if one is to make no mistakes."

I made a suitable and sympathetic reply.

"You know," he went on, "it is a fact that all game-birds are astonishingly like one another!"

I could not, perhaps, quite agree with him there. There is, for instance, some distinction between a snipe and a capercaillie. But I was determined that he should not again be thus humiliated if I could help it. And that evening I took my cousin Archie into my confidence. He was always open to any reasonable scheme for "keeping the Governor off the ramp," as he irreverently phrased it. At first, however, he was a little doubtful about the Professor.

"After all, Alan," he said, "if a chap don't know a pheasant from a duck, it's a bit thick. He might easily bag a sheep for a hare, or he might bag you or me in mistake for a roebuck. It must be constitutional." However, I persuaded him.

"It's a case for Toorie," he decided.

Toorie, I must explain, is the keeper's boy. His friends are not yet able to make up their minds whether he is to win distinction in later life as an exemplary head-keeper or as an expert poacher, though they have no doubt that fame awaits him in one or other capacity. In the meantime he was a faithful ally of mine. For the rest of the week he accompanied the Professor on the moor and generally contrived to keep him at the end of the line, as far as possible from his host. We were walking the outlying ground at the time, and spread ourselves pretty widely over the country.

Sir John soon forgot the Professor's little aberration over the cock pheasant. They became the best of friends, and, in the absence of any further untoward incident, a rare atmosphere of harmony prevailed for the rest of the week. On the Wednesday evening, as we were returning, Toorie came up to me to report progress. He had accompanied the Professor round the far march that afternoon, and we had seen nothing of them since lunch.

"He's a verra nice gentleman, yon," Toorie began, "and he's a grand shot."

"Did you take him right out to Corrie Water?" I asked.

"Oo ay, and he walkit fine!" said Toorie, with enthusiasm. Then his wicked little face lit up with an enigmatic smile. "It's an awfu' peety—isn't it no?—that he's that wye troubled wi' his eyesicht."

It was clear that Toorie had still something more to say, and had no little difficulty in arriving at it, for he walked by my side at least half a mile in silence. At last, as we approached the shepherd's cottage, where tea awaited us, out it came.

"Mr. Alan," he began, as one who puts a case, "I was wantin' tae ask ye—if onything illeegle wis tae be shot on the moor—oot o' season, ye understand—what'd be the best thing tae dae wi' it, div'e think?"

"Bury it," said I, at once. Toorie turned that over in his head for a while.

"That'd be a peety, tae," he remarked, "if it was a guid burrd. But a daurna tak' it hame."

"In that case you had better eat it, Toorie," said I, pushing open the door.

I got something of a shock the following morning, when my uncle and I were waiting for the motor on the steps of the house, before the other guns had appeared.

"Do you think that boy of Aitken's is poaching?" he suddenly demanded.

"Good heavens, no," said I. "How could he be? He's with the Professor all day, carrying his cartridges."

"Well, I don't mean poaching exactly—stealing birds."

I repudiated the charge, not without indignation; but I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable.

"Well, I dare say you are right," said Sir John. "But I like to keep my eyes open on the moor, and I am not quite sure of him. Seems to me his pockets bulge out a bit on the way home."

"Spare pair of stockings," said I.

"I have never quite trusted that boy, somehow," my uncle concluded.

So it will be readily understood that, in spite of the outward harmony of that pleasant week, all was not quite so smooth and peaceful as it appeared upon the surface. Archie kept asking awkward questions; I was furtively watching the Professor, not without a good deal of nervousness; and my uncle was closely watching Toorie.

It was, however, extremely gratifying to observe the growing popularity of the Professor. A brilliant right and left at a couple of golden plover early on the Saturday forenoon had finally established him as a sportsman in the good graces of Sir John. For my uncle dearly loves to see a thing well done. And fortunately no one but myself was near enough at hand to hear the Professor's urgent whisper to Toorie just as the second bird fell—"What were those, Toorie?"

And in the end he left us in a scene of hearty and genial farewell, and without a stain upon his character.

My uncle always devotes Sunday evenings in summer to a stroll over the home farm. He likes to see for himself that all is well with his partridges, that the pheasants are not straying too far afield, and whether grouse or black-game have begun to appear on the edge of the corn. On this particular Sunday evening Archie and I were his only companions. We had reached one of the distant clumps of trees, which surmount almost every knoll on the farm—a lonely, wind-swept plantation of old spruce—when Sir John made a startling discovery.

"Hullo!" said he, suddenly stopping and pointing with his stick. "Who are these blackguards?"

From the corner of the wood a slender wisp of blue smoke rose in the clear air. Blackguards undoubtedly! Sir John's countenance had at once assumed a look of concentrated fury.

"Stay here!" he hissed, and, gripping his stick, he crept noiselessly to the dyke and peered over. We waited in expectation of the outburst, but as he seemed to adopt the role of a passive spectator, we also crept forward and looked over. I do not know exactly what I had expected to see, but I know that the last thing I had expected was the vision of Toorie, seated cross-legged before a small wood fire, with two other urchins one on either side of him, placidly toasting a limp little carcase at the end of a piece of stick!

My uncle sprang over the dyke without a word and the three culprits rose with a shriek of terror and took to their heels. We had, however, little difficulty in bringing them back

for judgment. The chase was short, for the trees were too close together for them to make much headway. Sir John had meanwhile picked up Toorie's half-toasted morsel and subjected it to careful examination.

"Partridge," he announced. And then he came upon the larder—in a hole in the dyke—from which he drew forth a second partridge, a pheasant and a water-hen. Without a word he seized Toorie by the scruff of the neck and raised his stick for action.

"Haud on, sir," cried Toorie. "Haud on a meenit! It wisna' me!" In the presence of such overwhelming evidence Sir John was not to be expected to desist, but Toorie pulled him up before the stick had descended a second time with the surprising announcement—"It was Mr. Alan!"

"What do you mean? You, Alan? What have you to do with it?"

Toorie was determined to make the most of his respite.

"It was he that tellt me tae eat them a'," he said. "It wad a' been a peety tae let them waste."

"All what?" thundered my uncle.

"A' the burrd's that we daurna pit intae the bag."

"But where did you get them? Who killed them?"

"It was the Professor," said Toorie, taking advantage of Sir John's amazement to wriggle free. "I tell 'ee it wisna' me to blame. The Professor aye tellt me tae pit them in ma pouch."

"What in the world does the boy mean?" Sir John turned to me. And truth to tell, I found it very difficult to explain.

"The Professor was a bit erratic, Uncle," I said at last. "He was rather apt to shoot at anything that got up." I really could shield him no longer, and it was some satisfaction to see my uncle's wrath turned suddenly into a safe channel.

"The incompetent idiot!" he ejaculated, with many other things that I have striven to forget. Then he demanded of Toorie the whole truth, dragged out of him the details of this illicit bag that had been steadily accumulating behind his back. With all my admiration for the Professor, I must admit that it was a sorry list.

"Weel, on the Wednesday he shot twa pheasants an' a wee mavis; and the next afternoon there were three grey hens, a partridge and a pheasant cock. But Friday was the chief day, one might say. He bagged"—Toorie here had the effrontery to tell off the several items complacently on his fingers—"he bagged an auld whaup, a black-cock, twa stankies and a homin' pudgeon!"

IN THE GARDEN.

THE LONG-SPURRED COLUMBINES.

DURING the closing days of May, and well on into the month of June, the flower-borders are resplendent with many blossoms, as varied in size as in colour; yet it is doubtful if any is capable of giving greater pleasure than the Long-spurred Columbines. These are quite a modern race, and are a long way removed from the old-fashioned Columbines that still find a home in cottage and other old-world gardens. It is true that the older type possesses a great charm for many who appreciate flowers of bygone days, and it would be regrettable were they allowed to drop entirely out of cultivation. On the other hand, the new race, to which I would draw attention, are infinitely more graceful and beautiful in every way that they have usurped, and will to a very great extent continue to usurp, the old, bonnet-shaped varieties.

Although the new-comers have not quite the staying powers of the old Columbines, the plants having a tantalising habit of dying after about three years, they are easily raised from seed, and this can be purchased cheaply; consequently this trait need not deter anyone from growing the long-spurred varieties to the extent that they deserve. The range of colours now obtainable among them is a very wide one indeed, and embraces many beautiful art shades of red, orange, yellow and blue. These colours are usually continued from the petals right up to the ends of the slender spurs of the segments, which are frequently two inches or even more in length, and impart to the flowers that fairy-like gracefulness which is an even greater charm than their exquisite colouring. Apart from their usefulness and beauty in the garden, where they can be grown in clusters of five, seven, nine or even more, in the herbaceous border, or massed together in large lawn beds, the flower-sprays are ideal for cutting, and their slender grace enables even the veriest tyro to arrange a beautiful vase of them for indoor decoration. For dinner-table decorations also these modern Columbines are well adapted, so that they may be regarded as exceedingly useful as well as beautiful flowers.

Most seedsmen now supply seed of the best strains, and although many growers prefer to sow this earlier in the year in cold frames, it may still be sown in the open garden with success. Plants derived from this sowing will be large enough to flower at this time next year, and a shilling packet of seed will produce a large number of sturdy seedlings. For this outdoor sowing a bed of soil that has been well tilled should be chosen, and it is essential that the top two inches be in quite fine condition. I prefer to sow in drills one inch deep and one foot apart. Before sowing, however, it is well to water the drills thoroughly, as this will provide enough moisture to effect quick germination, and will be much better than watering overhead immediately after sowing. The seed must be scattered thinly and covered with fine soil, and the whole made moderately firm by treading a few hours afterwards.

The seedlings ought not to be long in appearing above the ground, and once they are well up, the soil between the rows ought to be kept stirred frequently with a Dutch hoe. Watering must be attended to as frequently as may be necessary during dry weather, as it is essential that the young plants do not receive any serious check. When they are about two inches high they ought to be transplanted six inches apart in rows one foot asunder, making the bed wherein they are planted of soil that has been moderately enriched with thoroughly-decayed manure. Wet weather should be chosen for this transplantation if possible, but, failing this, the young plants must be well supplied with water until they are thoroughly established. Early in November, or in mid-February, the plants ought to go to the positions where they are to flower. Personally, I prefer the latter period, as I find that if a very wet and severe winter is experienced, the plants put out in the beds or borders during November suffer considerably. One foot each way is a good distance to plant, although where a good mass of blossom is required in beds, two inches less may be allowed. In common with other herbaceous plants, they appreciate deeply-dug and moderately rich soil; but apart from this they do not require any special treatment. Visitors to the

recent Royal International Horticultural Exhibition had ample opportunities of studying the charms of these new Long-spurred Columbines.

F. W. H.

THE NATIONAL GLADIOLUS SOCIETY.

THIS newly-formed society is already doing useful work in bringing the merits of modern Gladioli before the public. The annual show this year will be held at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall on August 13th, when visitors will have an opportunity of seeing Gladioli in their best and newest forms. Full particulars of the society can be obtained from the hon. secretary, The Flagstaff, Locksheath, near Southampton.

ROSES WITH BEAUTIFUL FOLIAGE.

The decorative value of the foliage of many of our Roses was brought before the notice of the members of the Horticultural Club recently, when Mr. H. R. Darlington, an amateur rosarian of no mean order, lectured on Roses as decorative plants. Although he put forth a plea for the cultivation of strong-growing Roses as ornamental shrubs, it was on the beauty of the foliage of many sorts that stress was properly laid. Apart from the species, which the lecturer dealt with at some considerable length, there are a number of hybrid Roses the foliage of which is very beautiful indeed during the early days of summer, a point that is worth consideration when Rose gardens are being planned. Among climbing Roses, I know of nothing more beautiful than the glossy

given to the air by these countless blooms, and even experience the bitter feeling of unavoidably trampling such flowers under foot. This photograph is possibly of additional interest, as in the distance on the extreme right appears the Rochers de Naye, 6,710ft., a peak the ascent of which has been opened to even a child by the extraordinary energy and skill of the engineers who constructed a cogwheel railway to within a very short distance of its summit.—ERIC S. HERVEY.

STAMP DAY—THE NEW DOMESTIC TAX.

ON July 15th the Insurance Act comes into force, and with behind, and possibly before, it a record protest which has caused several kinds of people to do much thinking. Perhaps, though the suggestion is not enforced, there are few who have thought to so little purpose as the average householder who, while he resents the levy—which has yet to be proved a workable one—is not out to raise more than a casual protest against it. Yet that this is going to prove a popular innovation from his point of view remains to be seen; and, after all, the personal point of view is a sound equation in the long run—though the statement may lay itself open to question.



WILD NARCISSUS: GLION SUR MONTREUX.

foliage of Alberic Barbier and American Pillar, both of which, even apart from their foliage, are worthy of a place in any garden. Tea Rambler and Ariel are other climbers with handsome foliage. Among the dwarf-growing varieties, Zepherin Drouhin, with green and purple leaves; White Killarney and Miss Cynthia Ford, purple, tinted green foliage; Margaret and General Macarthur, deep red leaves and stems; Grüss an Teplitz, green and red leaves; and Marquise de Sinety, deep rose red foliage and stems, are a few that the writer has specially noticed this year on account of their unique beauty. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WILD NARCISSUS.

SIR,—I send a photograph of a subject which at the least may be termed a marvellous display of Nature's wild flowers. The Narcissus (pheasant's eye) is regarded at home as a beautiful and graceful garden plant, but to fully appreciate the beauty of this flower one should see it growing in the wild state, giving to the meadows the semblance of a great white sheet. The wild Narcissus flourishes in many spots round the Lake of Geneva, and this photograph was taken, early this May, in the Gorges du Chauderon, which lies between Montreux, Glion, Caux and Les Avants. On both sides of this ravine the Narcissus blooms luxuriantly, but in some cases the effect is somewhat spoilt by the masses of other wild flowers which are intermingled with the Narcissus. In certain spots, however, as in the one illustrated, the Narcissus reigns supreme, but it is, indeed, difficult to really do justice to the scene by a photograph. To fully appreciate it one must see it with the eye, inhale the delightful perfume

There is a tolerant broad-mindedness which is essential to those who would see all round a proposition; and it is after this that materfamilias will have to be searching when she is approached by a robust and intimidating Biddy from the kitchen who is anxious to be shown just cause why she who has never known a day's illness since her infancy shall be mulcted of her hard-earned increment with a view to helping to build up the debilitated constitution of the twenie-maid whose salt tears are now drenching the green vegetable for the evening meal.

Biddy has ideas of her own on the vexed question of Stamp Day; and she would like to air them, by your leave. Already in her mind's eye a rapacious maw, for whose existence Maria, the twenie-maid, and her like are vaguely responsible, has swallowed up the new bonnet she had promised herself from the summer sales. "Sure, ma'am, the devil a bonnet I'll be having this year, if all tales be true," says she, with a hopeful ear cocked for repudiation of her lugubrious statement, "and the name av me Bridget Malone."

With which statement she retires in undisputed triumph to the kitchen, where the twenie-maid, crushed by a limited sense of the justice of cook's affront, wilts under the wrathful fire of her scornful regard. "Taking the bread out of honest folks' mouth," says Biddy, "without by your leave or with it!"

And Maria, with a headache on her that promises if of frequent recurrence to land her in a lunacy billet, finds herself grossly neglecting

the matter immediately in hand in order to dedicate her undivided attention to a fuller realisation of her miserable state. For let it be at once said, and without circumlocution, that the constantly snivelling and completely useless Maria has hitherto prided herself upon the genteel fragility of a constitution in constant demand of repair. "Ye'll be getting your money's worth, ye will," announces the tormentor, "an' mine." And there looms up before her irate gaze, a vision of Maria permanently at home on the sick list, devouring spinsters' houses. The vision desolates, and she drops on a seat, to throw her apron over her head and rock herself to and fro, emitting indescribable and alarming keens of anguish.

Maria regards her blankly, then with bland understanding of, and tolerance for, her seizure, "Hysterical—that's what you be," says the tweenie-maid, diagnosing the situation in her stride. "A bucket of water'd do you good, or a burnt cork."

"I'll not be wanting the one or taking the other," roars Biddy, recovered, and leaping with agility to her feet. "I don't know how I kape me hands off av ye; and me that's not sthrong meself at all." "Not sthrong," pipes Maria, stung by this sacrilegious attack upon her monopoly by one whose healthy superiority has ruthlessly weighed her up in the balance of the "fit" and found her woefully wanting.

"Not sthrong," repeats Biddy, on whom has dawned the first blush of an illuminating inspiration, "I'd have ye to know." She begins to strut about her domain with an air Grenadier-like and purposeful. "Show me the one that would be denying that I'm a pore, wake woman." "I ain't going to be that one," announces a trembling tweenie-maid. It is the thin edge of the wedge. "An' me that's been doing the work of half-a-dozen," adds Biddy. There is fire in her eye—and calculation too.

Maria sits down on the fender; her knees are giving under her. There is some mental readjustment to be done.

"It'll be my heart, for sure," murmurs Biddy, musingly, "and the heat av the kitchen and all."

"I'm sure you're all of a quiver," the tweenie-maid suggests. Her cheeks are quite pink with excitement, and her eyes have that inner look of one who sees a vision—Biddy biting the dust. "Now, I daresay you ain't never broke down before, ma'am?"

But at that Biddy recovers herself. "I'll not be breaking down—yet awhile—plase God," says she. "I'll be holding up till Mary O'Shea's wean'll be coming. Faith, and 'tis on Stamp Day she'll be lookin' for it I'm thinking. . . . Rare and pleased she'll be to hear that I'm under the doctor—and her not knowing what she was going to do without me, at all, at all. . . ."

J. L. H.

A CURIOUS NEW FISH FROM EAST AFRICA.

THE family of Cichlid perches is one largely represented in Africa, and remarkable for the great variety of types which have been discovered within the past twenty years, for the facility with which their members adapt themselves to isolated waters, such as brine pools, hot springs, volcanic lakes which seem inaccessible or unsuitable to other fishes, and for the care which the parents bestow on their eggs or young. Nearly all are known to build nests to spawn in, and in many the female takes charge of the eggs and, later, of the young, which she shelters in her mouth and pharynx, or in her gill-chambers. One of the best known is the bolty (*Tilapia nilotica*), one of the best-eating fish in Egypt as well as in Palestine, often represented in mural paintings by the ancient Egyptians. There are a great number of species of the genus *Tilapia*, and a very remarkable one has just been described by me in the last number of the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History," under the name of *Tilapia Grahami*, after Mr. J. W. Graham, its discoverer, who has presented specimens to the British Museum. A photograph of the fish is here given, and also a view of the soda lake in which it lives. Its length is about two inches, and its lower lip is characteristic of the males, forming a large white lobe on each side. Its colour is a dark blue above, with more or less distinct, ill-defined darker bars; sides with pale blue spots; dirty white beneath; fins greyish, soft dorsal, anal, and caudal with numerous small darker spots, which may form vertical bars on the caudal, the posterior edge of which is of a faint pink.

Special interest attaches to this new *Tilapia*, one of the smallest of the genus, from the conditions under which it lives. I am indebted to Mr. Graham for the following notes concerning the habits:

"The fish were discovered in various isolated springs of



TILAPIA GRAHAMI.

soda liquor on the eastern shore of Lake Magadi, a natural soda deposit at the bottom of the Great Rift Valley, in latitude 2deg. south, and at an elevation of 1,980ft. above sea-level. In some cases the thermal springs in which the fish are found run out in the form of a very shallow stream (one inch to six inches deep) over the soda-mud flats; in others the springs are quite isolated, forming pools, and can have no connection with adjacent springs, except during very exceptional rains, and then for but

a short time. The temperature of the various springs varies, but the fish have been found in all temperatures from 80deg. Fahr. to 130deg. Fahr. Apart from the occasional intercommunication between the springs mentioned above, there is no connection at any time with other possible breeding grounds, fresh water or otherwise. In other words, there are no streams entering the lake, nor are there any running out of it. The springs are completely land-locked. The fish are very active in their movements, and show great alarm on the approach of human beings. They probably mistake them for birds of prey, although at no time during the two years the fish have been under my observation have any birds been noticed to be feeding on them. The principal food of the fish appears to be the green and pink coloured algae surrounding the sources of the various springs, and the fish will climb up a trickle of water to the height of a foot or more above the normal soda liquor level in order to reach this food.

The algae are so plentiful as to look like slimy moss around the springs. The fish were breeding in December last, the male making a nest in the sand and females depositing their ova in it in rapid succession. Intrusive males were promptly expelled. Samples of the fish, male and female, were obtained, and of the ova in every stage of development." Since describing this fish, I have received, through the courtesy of Mr. R. B. Woosnam, further specimens collected



THE LAKE AND THE THERMAL SPRINGS.

by Mr. C. M. Woodhouse, accompanied by notes by the latter, from which the following are worth quoting: "The springs on the east side of Lake Magadi come out from under the cliffs which surround the lake and flow over the silica and into the mother liquor of the soda itself. This water is highly charged with soda, and averages a depth of from one to three inches. The fish appear to congregate as near the origin of the water as possible, although they are not averse to going some way down towards the soda itself. The composition of the water is as follows: The solids are principally sodium carbonate with traces of magnesium carbonate, sodium chloride and sodium bicarbonate. Shade temperature (9.30 a.m.) 92deg. Fahr.

"The males appear to be greatly in excess of the females. They may be readily recognised when sexually mature by their brighter colouring, iridescence, the white of the lower lip more pronounced, absence of vertical barring, and usually by their larger size. A primitive nest is prepared in the sandy mud for the reception of the ova. The work appears to be done entirely by the male. He selects a favourable spot, often near a large stone. A space of some three inches across is diligently cleaned of obstruction, such as the green algæ-like growth that coats the bottom of the springs, small stones, etc. These are moved by the male taking each article in his mouth and depositing it on the edges of the depression thus caused. When this is finished, one or more females deposit their ova, which are later fertilised by the male. The process appears to be similar to that employed by other fish, the abdomen being pressed against the bed of the nest, the fish propelling itself forward at the same time. After the operation other fish appear to deposit their ova and milt. Various males appear to keep a cursory guard over the nest, driving away other fish in the neighbourhood; but long before the young are hatched, the males' interest in the nest appears to evaporate. The ova are speedily covered with the green vegetable deposit and disappear. As soon as the fish start to hatch there is a rush of all the neighbouring fish, and as many alevins and ova as can be found are devoured by the adults. The greater portion of the specimens of alevins collected were from the stomachs of fish engaged in thus robbing nests. Those that escape the cannibalistic propensities of their relatives hide themselves in the algæ. On absorption of the yolk-sac they move into the shallowest water possible, from one to half an inch in depth.

"After passing through the fry stage the slightly bigger fish betake themselves to the reeds and grass growing in the springs, and when nearly adult come out into the open and move about with the shoals.

"Their food, besides ova and fry, appears to consist of water-fleas (cyclops) and vegetable matter. There being a very large number of fish in each spring, food material is apparently scarce."

I rather think that the supposed cannibalism

described by Mr. Woodhouse is a misinterpretation of the nursing instinct displayed by many of the Cichlid perches, to which I have alluded.

G. A. BOULENGER.

A KENNEL OF SETTERS.

TO supplement our remarks on Mr. Mitchell's kennel which appeared in the Summer Number, we give an additional portrait of his English setter Lingfield Mart, from a photograph snapped by his versatile master. Such photographs are difficult of achievement, but the time spent thereon is not wasted, the position being admirably characteristic. Note the "off" hind leg, one of the propellers, as it were, ready for a cautious advance at a signal from the nasal look-out posted in the beautifully-carried head, the whole attitude breathing activity



LINGFIELD MART.

under the direction and control of hereditary instinct, developed and perfected by training.

Lingfield Gay, shown standing boldly up to the point, is of the same parentage—in fact, we believe of the same litter—while Lingfield Nell has located birds, probably at a distance, judging by her high head-carriage, on the stubble,



LINGFIELD GAY.

a picture to delight the old sportsmen of the "sere September morning" school. Rapid Ranger was a former championship winner at the English Setter Club's trials.

The celebrated Count Gleam, whose parents were the property of Mr. Purcell-Llewellyn, recently mentioned as the founder of the modern Laverack-Llewellyn breed of setters, was purchased by Mr. Mitchell for stud purposes. His last occasion of prominent publicity was at Pitlochry in 1905, where he was placed first in the All-aged Stake at the Endurance Trials, and thereby proved himself no mere "fair weather" dog, for that stake was run in a perfect deluge of dark rain, through which passed Gleam, scoring point after point in a manner which filled us spectators with green envy of his amphibious indifference to climatic discomforts. Among his stock is numbered Lingfield Lally, first in the English Setter Club's Puppy Stake and special, also first at the Irish Grouse Trials, 1908.

Another of the Lingfield Stud dogs is Goad, sired by Rob Roy, the American setter imported as a puppy by Captain Heywood Lonsdale, and destined to figure prominently in the setter history of this, his adopted country. Rob succeeded in rising superior to a fate which dealt him two hard blows, to wit,



LINGFIELD NELL.

a quarantine of six months and distemper of a brand so malignant as to defer his breaking till he arrived at an age when it was, to borrow an expression from his native land, "a live man's job." Importer's judgment, however, and breaker's talent have been amply proved by their subject winning first in the All-aged Stake, Gun-Dog League's Trials, 1906, second in the following year, etc., besides begetting stock of perhaps greater value than himself. About one-fourth of the repatriated blood appears to suit British requirements best. The last two illustrations are of the pointers Lingfield Lily and Bessie respectively, the former a daughter of Champion Woolton Druid, whose stock included some pointers distinguished especially for their staying powers, and also Champion Lunesdale Wagg, whose record on the show bench is, perhaps, unique in the breed, though it must have involved a life sadly misspent, from a pointer's point of view, a life composed of a weary succession of anomalies. For not the Pawnee chief, peaceably following the plough, nor even Othello himself, his occupation gone, could afford a more pathetic sight than the pointer does chained to a show



RAPID RANGER.

bench, overhung though he may be with countless coloured cards recording the laurels unconsciously won and tediously worn.

DOUGLAS CAIRNS.

AT A RUSSIAN MONASTERY.

TRAMPING to the Holy Land, the way the Russian pilgrims go, I came lately to New Athos, the most wonderful monastery of the Russian world. New Athos, or Novy Afon as the Russians call it, is an establishment resembling what the best of English monasteries must have been prior to 1536. It is in itself, by its example, a defence of all monasteries, a place to which students should journey if they wish to understand all the possibilities for good in institutions once condemned as essentially evil. There once more armies of workmen are employed every day, and building never ceases. No one seeking work is ever refused, not even the criminal or the passportless tramp. There all comers receive the monks' hospitality of bed and board, and worn-out pilgrims are furnished with clothes and money to take them home, or to take them further on their journey. The monks own vast estates, where they grow their own corn and cultivate the vine and the olive. They have orange and lemon woods. They grind the corn in their mills and make their own bread; they press the grape, and the monastery tables tell how generous is the supply of wine. In Gogol's "Dead Souls," among all the humorous accounts of decaying states, is one serious story of a vast property where everything was done well. Such among monasteries is New Athos.

Not only does it furnish itself from its own fields with bread and with wine, but it has made itself almost independent of the outside world. It makes its own clothes from its own cloth, its own furniture and utensils, its own bricks, breeds its own cattle. In the remote Caucasian district it is like a little walled town and kingdom in itself.

When I called there and asked hospitality for three or four days, I was at once shown into a clean bedroom in which

were four springless beds. I shared the room with three others. It was dinner-time. I was taken to a great hall where five or six tables were set up on trestles, and a few hundred visitors and pilgrims were immediately expecting soup. Straight off the fire came ten great black pots, the sombre-cloaked, long-haired brothers bringing them in on long hooked poles. As



LINGFIELD LILY.

each pot was put down the monk whispered that it came from God. Some of us were accommodated with plates, others with deep Russian basins, and we each had shallow, home-made wooden spoons. At a signal, after we had helped ourselves, we all stood, faced the sacred Ikons, and joined in a long prayer. Picture the company—aged bearded peasant pilgrims, red-kerchiefed country girls, bright boys from neighbouring Black Sea watering-places, several citizens' wives in town-made blouses, students of the Universities and civil servants in their various official uniforms. Following the soup came fish, and then maize porridge. There was a great buzz of conversation and much clanking of the wine flagons. The lay brethren of the monastery fluttered up and down at our backs, seeing that each one of us had what he wanted, and we fared not badly at their hands. However, only ten minutes for this dinner, and then a voice of command says, "Stand!" and we all face the Ikons once more and make the complementary prayer of thanks. Dinner was at 11 a.m.; tea, with black bread and no butter, at three; supper at seven. All doors closed and people in their beds at 8.30 p.m., and then in the morning tea and bread once more at a quarter to seven.

What struck me particularly on entering Novy Afon was the new tone in the everyday. There was less of the *barin* and servant, officer and soldier feeling, less noisy commandings and scoldings, even less beating of the patient horses that have to carry such heavy loads in Russia. Instead of these a gentleness and graciousness, something of that which one finds in artistic and mystic communities in Russia, in art and in pictures, but which one seldom meets with in public life. Here at New Athos breathes a true Christianity. It was strange how even the undying curiosity of the Russian had been conquered, for here I was not asked the thousand and one impertinent questions that it is usually my lot to smile over and answer. There was even a restraint in asking me necessary questions lest

they should be difficult to answer. Then, not one of the monks possesses any property of his own, even of a purely transitory kind, such as a bed or a suit of clothes. They have all in common, and they have not that nicety or necessity of privacy which would compel an Englishman to claim the right to wear the same coat and trousers two days running. But the monks are even diffident of claiming their own separate mugs and plates at table, and are unoffended by miscellaneous eating and drinking from one another's dishes. Everyone is the servant of all, and without hypocrisy, not only in act, but in sentiment and prayer. Wherever I went I found the tone rang true.

This fair exterior glory seems to spring from a strong inner life. Religious life in the Holy Orthodox Church, with its many ordinances and its extraordinary proximity to everyday life, is not allowed to be monotonous and humdrum. Each day at New Athos is beautiful in itself, and if a monk's life were made into a book of such days, one would not turn over two pages at once.

The day begins at midnight, when to the occasional melancholy chime of the cathedral bell the brothers move to the first service of the morning. On my second night at Afon I wakened at the prayer-bell and joined the monks at their service. In the sky was a faint glimmer as of morning. The monastery, resplendent with marble and silver by day, was now meek and white in the dark bosom of the mountain, and shining like a candle. In the church, as if confirming the impression, was

but one dim light—the clergy, the monks, the faces of the holy Ikons, all were shadows, and from a distance came hollow shadow-music, the sound of the breaking of the waves. It was the still night of the heart, where the Dove yet broods over the waters, and life is only just begun. At that service a day began, a small life.

When the service was over and we returned to our rooms, morning had advanced a small step; the stars were paler, one just made out the contours of the shadowy crags above us. Just a little sleep, and then time to rise and wash and breakfast. The monks in charge of the kitchen must be up some time before the rest of us. At eight o'clock the morning service commences, and every monk must attend. Then each man goes to his work, some to the carpentry sheds, others to the unfinished buildings, to the brick-works, the basket-works, the cattle-yards, the orchards and gardens, laundries, leather works, etc.; the teachers to the schools, where the little Caucasian children are taught, the abbot to his cell, where he receives the brothers in turn, hears any confession they may wish to make, and gives advice in any sorrow that may have come upon any of them. The old abbot is greatly beloved, and the monks have children's hearts. Again in the evening the day is concluded in song and prayer. Such is the monastery day.

It is a modern institution withal; something young, of

only thirty years' standing, though built on the site of an ancient cathedral. Russians pride themselves on that, that they have no past, but only a future. The fourth century ruins of the old cathedral and the battlements of Iver are indeed of great interest, and many people climb the two thousand feet high crag to look out from the ancient watch-tower. But the attitude of the monastery is well explained in the words of a monk:

"People come here to worship God, and we stand here as a witness of God, to pray continually for the coming of the Kingdom, and to succour those

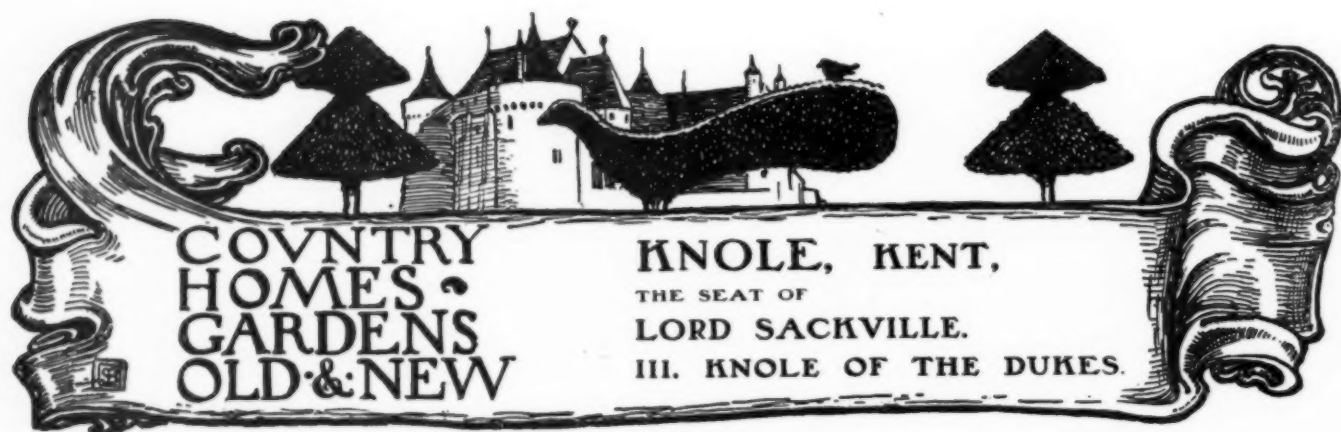
who come to us. It would be a sign of disrespect to our Church if people came here merely to see the ancient remains."

I, for my part, being of the old, was eager to climb the steep stone-way along which in ancient days had ridden Crusaders and mediæval warriors. Great trees now grew through the rent walls of the cathedral, and slender birches grew straight up in the nave to the eternal roof which had supplanted that of time—to heaven itself. . . . In an open box by a wall was a heap of human bones, unearthed by the monks in their work of restoring the old building; and mortared together in another wall were all the old Latin inscriptions and bas-reliefs that had been found, placed unceremoniously together. Even on the bare white ribs and ancient crumbling skulls visitors had written their names. Assuredly there is little reverence for the past in Russia. Yet, looking out from the watch-tower over the diminished monastery buildings and the vast and glorious sea, on what must change and pass away, and on that which in all ages remains ever the same, it seemed to me some reverence might have been begotten for that in the past which shows what we shall be in the future. But no, the Russian is racially young. He is in the morning, and full of prophecy; only in the evening will his eye linger here sentimentally in the emotions of romance. We can see what the morning is like if we will journey to Novy Afon.

S. G.



LINGFIELD BESSIE.



LIONEL SACKVILLE, as we saw when speaking of Buckhurst, became Duke of Dorset in 1720. He was born in 1688, the year when his father, Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset, received the Princess Anne at Copped Hall and

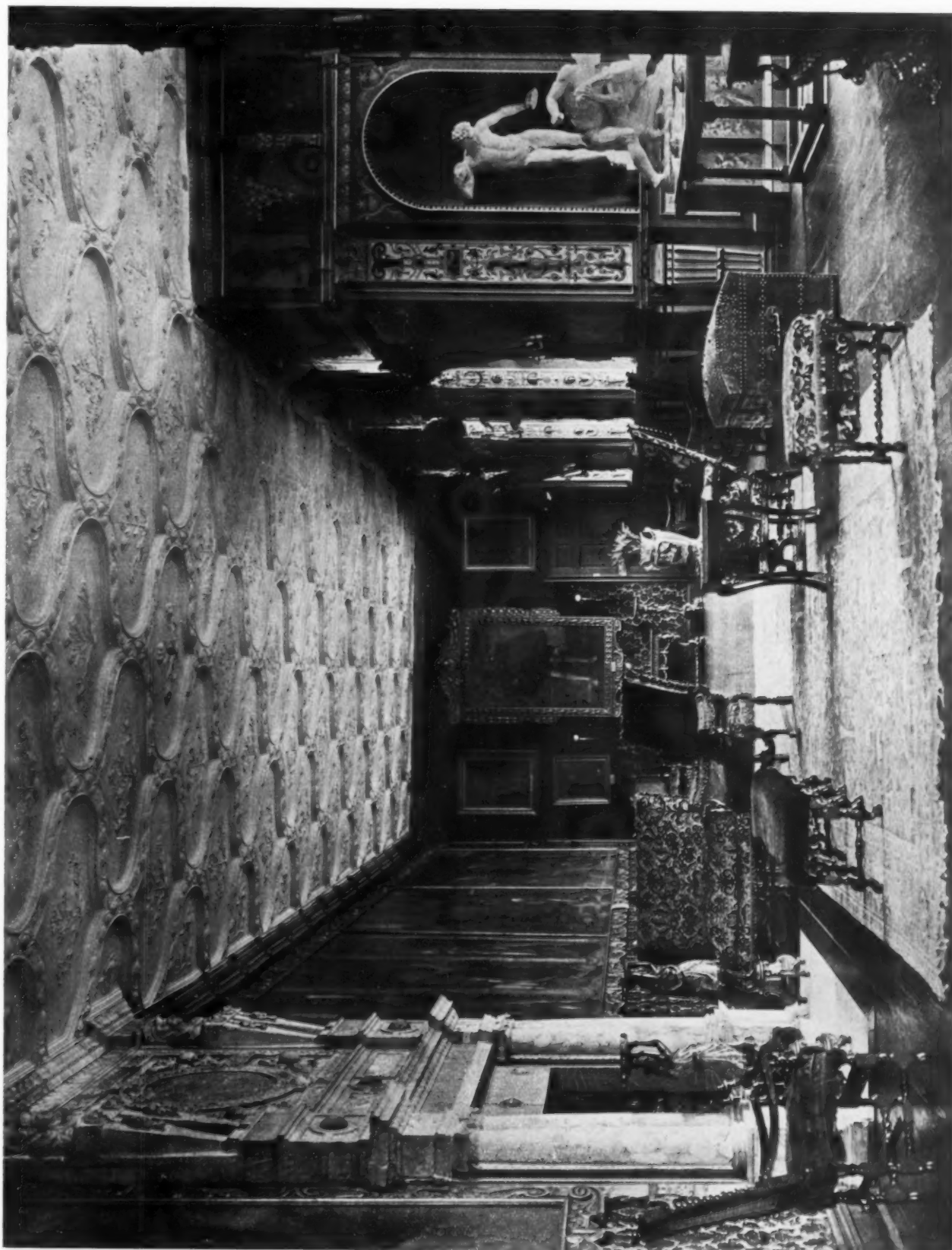
accompanied her to Nottingham. Of him the most picturesque account is that which was given by his grandson, Lord George Germain, to Sir Nathaniel Wraxhall, who quotes it in his "Historical Memoirs."

"He was during his whole Life, the Patron of Men of Genius, and the Dupe of Women." He "married three Times; but, only one of these Marriages contributed either to his Honour, or to his Felicity. His first wife was the celebrated Countess of Falmouth, well known by her Gallantries; the Miss Bagot of 'Grammont's Memoirs.'" This is unfair to the lady, since "Grammont" mentions no gallantries in her case, but admits she was the only Maid of Honour of her time "who was really possessed of virtue and of beauty." Earl Charles and his first wife must have been very sincerely attached, for a letter survives at Knole in which the lover complains that something in the lady's look had kept him awake all night, and with the letter there is a lock of hair. This was written before she became Lady Dorset, and that she should have retained it, that her husband should find it after her death in 1679, and that he should have kept it among his papers, surely betokens a depth of sentiment and a purity of love that we should hardly have expected on the part of a man whose grandson described him as becoming "extenuated by Pleasures and Indulgences and sinking under premature old Age." At the same time, it was very proper that Lord George should display a predilection for the lady who was his own grandmother. In 1685 Dorset married Lady Mary Compton, whose arms we have seen impaled by her husband's on the sconces at Knole. But after six years of marriage, and after becoming the mother of the future Duke and of a daughter who married the Duke of Beaufort, she died, and Dorset remained a widower for some years. Then, brain and body being somewhat weakened, "he married a Woman named Roche, of very obscure Connexions, who held him in a Sort of Captivity down at Bath, where he expired at about sixty-nine." This was in 1706, and some time before that the family, alarmed at the influence she had over him, wished to put him under restraint. But when Matthew Prior, his most devoted friend among the men of genius that he "patronised," was sent to see him and report on his condition, the poet declared: "He drivels so much better Sense even now, than any other Man can talk, that you must not call me into Court, as a Witness to prove him an Idiot"; and so he remained in what



Copyright.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SOUTH FRONT. "COUNTRY LIFE."



THE CARTOON GALLERY, LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright.



Copyright

LADY SACKVILLE'S SITTING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE BED IN KING JAMES THE FIRST'S ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was probably a perfectly willing captivity until the end came. If it is true that his mother lived at Knole and he at Copp'd Hall until 1687, such alterations as he made at Knole must have been after that date and before he fell into the clutches of Mrs. Roche.

Besides the Venetian Room, described last week, it is evident that he made some changes in the Cartoon Gallery, where he hung Mytens' great canvases which had belonged to his grandfather, Lord Middlesex. The doors of this room are of his time, and are furnished with splendidly wrought brass locks similar to those at Hampton Court. This model King William seems to have been in the habit of presenting to his particular friends, such as his cousin, Nassau Zuylestein, and the Earl of Dorset. The locksmith's art had reached a very high level in England then, and the Knole locks should be compared with those at Belton and at Arbury. Keys were also finely produced, and of the collection at Knole possessed by successive Earls and Dukes of Dorset who were Royal Chamberlains, that of Charles, sixth Earl, is perhaps the choicest.

The exterior appearance of Knole at this date is known to us by the bird's-eye views of Badeslade and of Kip. North,

at Condoover and Aston. But the Knole colonnade is very evidently an insertion. The set of seven arches protrudes slightly from the face of the wall, and ends in somewhat clumsy blocks of masonry. Moreover, the material is marble, which assuredly would not have been used in England in James I.'s time. The bird's-eye views show that more than seven arches were originally obtained and that a pair of them that were over from the colonnade were set into the east end of the building that forms the south side of the Green Court and which was afterwards transformed into a conservatory by the interpolation of large "Gothic" windows. It seems likely, therefore, that the sixth Earl transformed a closed space into an open colonnade and that his son afterwards glazed in the arcading so as to once more convert it into a room which he decorated in grisaille. In this medium his decorator reproduced the effect of the colonnade on the wall that faces it, painting a great vase or other ornamental object in each arch, while the end walls have trophies of arms and family badges. In the same manner he treated the staircase that lies between the colonnade and the dining-room on the ground floor and the Reynolds Room and ballroom on the first floor. On the ceiling of the landing we find the initials both of



Copyright.

CHARLES II. SILVER IN JAMES THE FIRST'S ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

south, east and west the great garden enclosure, which remains very much to-day as those artists of the formal gardening period depicted it, displays fine examples of wrought ironwork. Most of them are still there, and as they have the sixth Earl's cipher, they must be fairly early examples of a handicraft which only flourished in England after Tijou had introduced it in William III.'s reign and quite as early as the more sumptuous work of this kind which we shall meet with at Drayton. In the Green Court, Earl Charles placed the bronze statues of Venus and of the Gladiator, that still decorate it. These he may have obtained in Italy as a young man, and it is possible that to the same origin may be attributed the exterior arcading to the room known as "the Colonnade," of which an illustration is given. It has an elaborate Jacobean plaster ceiling, indicating that in Thomas Sackville's time it must have been arranged as an enclosed room, although it is quite true that arcaded loggias were a favourite device of John Thorpe and his contemporaries, as we know from the examples at Holland House and Hatfield,

himself and of his wife. This decoration he did not carry up beyond the point visible from the landing. The staircase itself is Jacobean, and was erected by Thomas Sackville, not merely to serve the first floor, but to give easy access to the fine gallery with an ornamental waggon ceiling that runs from end to end of the building over the great hall and adjacent rooms. He decorated it in a manner similar to his great staircase, but much more simply, and the upper flights still exhibit his work untouched.

The future Duke, as a small boy, had, owing to his mother's early death, been brought up by his maternal grandmother, the Dowager-Countess of Northampton. She was a great friend of Queen Mary, and was much with her at Kensington Palace, whither the child frequently accompanied her and was allowed to play in the gallery with his toy cart. "It happened that Her Majesty having, one Afternoon, made Tea, and waiting for the King's Arrival, who was engaged on Business in his Cabinet, at the other Extremity of the Gallery; the Boy hearing the Queen express her Impatience at the Delay, ran away to the Closet, dragging after him the Cart. When he arrived at

the Door, he knocked; and the King asking 'Who is there?' 'Lord Buck,' answered he. 'And what does Lord Buck want with me?' replied His Majesty. 'You must come to Tea directly,' said he, 'the Queen is waiting for you.' King William immediately laid down his Pen, and opened the Door; then taking the Child in his Arms, placed him in the Cart, and

But the King forbade the punishment that was about to be inflicted upon the child, and the whole incident is of much interest as showing the habitually cold and reserved man in one of his most human and sympathetic moments.

Our next glimpse of Lionel Sackville is on the threshold of manhood, when, under the influence of his Compton relations,



Copyright.

THE BAY WINDOW IN THE CARTOON GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

seizing the Pole, drew them both along the Gallery, quite to the Room in which were seated the Queen, Lady Northampton, and the Company." The unwonted exercise brought on one of the bad asthmatic fits to which the King was so liable, and which "threw the whole Circle into great Consternation."

he was sent to the Continent not merely to finish his education in the manner then in vogue, but also to keep him away from his father and his undesirable step-mother. This the father evidently resented, and tells him to make haste home again, adding, "i heare my Lady northampton has order'd you not



COUNTRY LIFE.

THE LANDING BETWEEN THE BALLROOM AND THE REYNOLDS ROOM.

Copyright.

to obey me, if you take any notice of what shee sayes to you i have enough in my power to make you suffer for it beyond what shee will make you amends for. But I cannot imagine you to bee such a fool as to be governed by the passion and folly of anybody. Your affectionate father, Dorsett. i expect you will come away by the next yocht." The next yacht, however, sailed without him, and he was abroad when news reached him of his father's death. Nor did he come home then, for his maternal uncle writes to him, "I am very glad to find you are of the same opinion with all y^r-friends in judging that it will be very improper for you to be in England till you are near of age. . . Y^r father has left such debts, legacys, and annuities, besides the joynture that what remains will be

designed the gilt sconces, and other furniture in the same style, to be found in the ballroom, and dating after Lionel Sackville obtained his Dukedom. The grisaille decorations of the "Colonnade" room and staircase are of the date and manner, and it is noticeable that the same oak leaf and acorn wreaths that form part of the decoration of the picture frame appear in the painting of the "Colonnade" doorways. Some work, however, Lionel Sackville must have done at Knole at an earlier date, for the private sitting-room that looks out west into the Green Court exhibits Queen Anne work, especially in the charming, though simple, mantel-piece with cross palm branches and cipher. We can imagine the young man preparing this room for the bride whom he brought to Knole in 1709. A

Scotchman, named Alexander Robertson, who obtained a baronetcy in 1677, is stated to have afterwards settled in Holland, to have made money there and to have assumed the name of Colyear. Both his sons took up arms as a profession and served under the Prince of Orange. The elder was created Lord Portmore in 1699, while the younger became a general, whose only child was a daughter attached to Queen Mary's Household, and who thus formed an early intimacy with Lionel Sackville and married him. It was through this marriage that Drayton eventually became the property of one of their sons, for General Colyear, and Sir John Germain—whose career will be described as an incident in the history of Drayton—were fellow-soldiers, and it was Germain's wish that one of his old friend's grandsons should eventually succeed to the estate that had so strangely become his. His widow, Lady Betty Germain, to whose final decision the bequest was left, outlived her husband for half a century, during the whole of which the Dorsets were her closest friends. In 1731, during the Duke's first Vice-Royalty, we find it announced in the papers that he and the Duchess "set out for the Seat of the Lady Betty Germain at Drayton in Northamptonshire on their way to Ireland." Again, when in 1377 the Dorset family sailed for Holland and thence went to Namur on a visit to the Duchess's father, General Colyear, who was then its Governor, Lady Betty accompanied them. When the Duke's third and favourite son, Lord George, who was already marked out as the legatee suggested by Sir John Germain, was to be married in 1754, the Duke writes to Lady Betty: "We are just going to the wedding. On

Thursday night, the bride, bridegroom, etc., etc., hope to get to Drayton; if they should not happen to arrive you must not fright yourself as they are not quite sure they will not stay upon the road." We know from her letters to Swift that Lady Betty's visits to Knole were long and frequent. There, the rooms she occupied, lying south of the east end of the Brown Gallery, are still known by her name. The bed is much before her date, but its hangings are of her needlework, as well as the covers of some of the chairs, and they proclaim her to have been as assiduous, if not as skilful, a needlewoman as her friend, Mrs. Delany. The inner room, known as her dressing-room, is illustrated. Here, the stools



Copyright.

IN THE SPANGLE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

much less, I believe, than what you imagine." The father had evidently made the son "suffer" for his disobedience, but eventually the estate recovered from the lavishness of the man whom his grandson describes as "bountiful beyond measure." When the young Earl did return to England and came of age, he was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports. From this office he was dismissed by the Harley Ministry, but was at once re-appointed by George I. on his accession, and Household office also given to him. The big picture on the great stair showing Dover Castle with the Lord Warden's procession must, however, refer to the still later installation of 1728, for the frame is in the manner of William Keni, who, in all probability, personally

have the Royal arms embroidered on the red damask of their seats, but the work is beyond her powers and not of her date. The whole style, including the cherubs holding up the crown, makes it likely that they were wrought for William III.'s room at Copped Hall in the days of the sixth Earl, and with so much else brought by him to Knole after he sold the seat of the Cranfields. The little portrait of Lady Betty that hangs in her dressing-room is not a remarkable work of art and makes her nearly as unprepossessing as Sarah Duchess of Marlborough acrimoniously describes her. But there are other small pictures in this room that almost make it a cabinet of treasures. Rembrandt, Titian, Perugino are represented, while over the mantel-piece are pictures of Mary Queen of Scots, by Zuccherro, and of the daughter of the third Earl of Dorset, before she became Countess of Thanet, by Mytens. An ardent collector of Oriental china and lacquer, Lady Betty seems to have made Knole an overflow house for what she did not send down to Drayton. The collection gathered together in the ante-room to the Leicester Gallery is considered to be due to her, while at Drayton we



Copyright. IN THE SPANGLE DRESSING-ROOM. "C.L."

find the counterparts of the very large blue and white jars that stand on a table in the Cartoon Gallery. There, also, as well as the great silver fire-dogs of the fifth Earl's time, are a small pair bearing the heraldic devices that Sir John Germain adopted and which his widow must have brought to her friends.

Duke Lionel, who as a young Whig had paid his court at Hanover during his early period of travel, and who, on Queen Anne's death, had been sent over to the Elector to announce the fact that he had become King of England, was a *persona grata* to both the first and second Georges. So when, in 1727, the Government got news of the former's decease in Germany, the Duke of Dorset was again chosen to go to Kew and inform the Prince of Wales of his accession. The amusing description of what happened as related by the Duke's son, Lord George, to Wraxall, is known not only from the latter's "Memoirs," but from the use made of it by Thackeray. The Prince was taking a siesta after his dinner, a moment when even his wife hardly dared to disturb him. However, it was urged that the occasion was so exceptional that she might take this hazardous step.



Copyright.

LADY BETTY'S DRESSING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"As soon as the Princess came near the Bed, a voice from under the Clothes cried out in German, 'Was ist das?' 'I am come, Sir,' answered she, 'to announce to you the Death of the King, which has taken Place in Germany.' 'That is one damned Trick,' returned the Prince, 'I do not believe one Word of it.' " The alienation between father and son was so great that the Prince believed this to have been a mere fabrication of his father's friends, and it was some time before he could be persuaded to get up, dress himself and accompany the Duke to London in his coach and six. It was soon after this that the Duke was made Viceroy of Ireland, where young Lord George accompanied him and was sent to Trinity College, whereas during the second term of office the grown-up son was his father's secretary. This proved by no means a popular Administration,

second Duke in 1765, but died four years later. There is nothing to remind us of him at Knole except the full-length portrait in the ballroom representing him accoutred in what was held in his day to be the proper stage costume for a Roman hero; a fanciful dress probably inspired by his love of the drama, for we hear that one of his chief passions was the direction of operas, in which he not only wasted immense sums of money, but "stood lawsuits in Westminster Hall with some of those poor devils for their salaries." His next brother, Lord John, had died before him, so that it was a nephew who succeeded as third Duke. Of him, as of his uncle, Lord George, we hear much in Wraxall's "Memoirs," for Sir Nathaniel was friend to both of them and spent a considerable time at Knole examining the manuscripts in the muniment-room. These he sorted

into various subjects, and the bundles are still docketed in his hand-writing. He describes the third Duke as "displaying neither shining parts nor superior abilities," but as having much good sense which his prominent position and frequent travels developed into sound judgment and knowledge of men. Pitt was thus justified in appointing him Ambassador to the Court of Louis XVI., though he had at the time a greater reputation as a cricketer than as a diplomatist. The Knole team was famous, and thus, in 1782, we read in the *Morning Herald* how a cricket match was played on the Vine at Sevenoaks on July 3rd and 4th for a thousand guineas between the Duke's men and all England, and how the Duke's men won by three wickets. In the evening a grand ball was held at Knole, at which three hundred guests were present. It was the next year that the Duke, who was still a bachelor, went on his Embassy to Paris, where he appears to have led a gay life, although we need not believe very much of a description of him written after his return that emulates the acerbity of a Wilkes or a "Junius" without any of their ability. Although more than once an expert was sent to assist him in a difficult negotiation, he was, socially, a diplomatic success, and continued at his post until 1789. Then he returned home bent on matrimony, and it was reported in the papers that he was to marry Miss Coutts, the rich banker's daughter, and that "the Lady's father will make his Grace an opulent man." The match, however, fell through, and it is not until the next year that we read: "Yesterday was married by Special license at his Seat at Knole near Sevenoaks, Kent, his

Grace the Duke of Dorset to Miss Cope eldest daughter of Lady Hawkesbury." Though very much older than his wife, the Duke spent a happy, if short, married life, during which the Knole collection of pictures was enriched by many remarkable portraits. He himself was painted both by Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds, while the full-length portrait of the Duchess that hangs in the Reynolds Room is one of Hoppner's finest works, although in positive charm it is perhaps surpassed by his delicious representation of the Duke and Duchess's three little children that hangs in one of the private sitting-rooms. The little boy is there represented at the age of about five, and the picture must therefore have been painted shortly before he succeeded his father as fourth Duke in 1799. In due course



Copyright.

IN THE BROWN GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and so pronounced did the discontent become that in 1755, Dorset, then in London, was informed that he was to return no more to Ireland. He retired to Knole, but even there he was not left in peace; for, during the riots occasioned by the Militia Bill of 1757, a Sevenoaks mob attacked him with such evil intent that, if we are to believe Horace Walpole, he was only saved by a young officer "who sallied out and seized two and twenty of the rioters." His chief affection seems to have been centred upon his youngest son, George. With his eldest he was apt to be on almost as bad terms as George II. was with the Prince of Wales, so that while the Duke was a friend and official of the King, Lord Buckhurst was Frederick's Master of the Horse and his companion in many a frolic. He succeeded as



Copyright.

THE "COLONNADE" ROOMS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the widowed Duchess took, as her second husband, another but more famous Ambassador. Lord Whitworth served his country at various European Courts, but he is best known as our Ambassador at Paris during the short period of peace with Napoleon in 1802 and 1803. The scene at the Tuileries, when the Emperor thought fit to simulate rage against England before the whole Corps Diplomatique, and is said even to have raised his stick against the representative of England, was the climax of a difficult official situation. Less irksome employment was afterwards found for him as Viceroy of Ireland, and it was while he and the Dowager-Duchess were in that country that the accident occurred which ended the connection of Knole with the male line of Sackville. The young Duke had just come of age when, being out with Lord Powerscourt's harriers, he was killed by the fall of his horse. A lad of great promise, the sorrow caused by his death was widespread and genuine. In the Dukedom he was succeeded by his cousin Drayton, but Knole and the Dorset estates eventually passed to his sisters. From 1789 to 1825, however, Knole was the home of his mother and of Lord Whitworth during those moments that the latter could spare from his



Copyright.

THE EASTERN WICKET.

"C.L."

frequent employments. What was done at Knole at that time cannot be praised; but such alterations as the "Gothic" conservatory are so little apparent amid the great bulk that was left untouched that it almost passes without notice. An almost greater danger occurred in 1808, when it was discovered that the Venetian Room was on fire. The house-keeper, we are told, aroused Earl De La Warr, as Lord Whitworth, "her master," was ill. There being plenty of water, the fire was soon put out, though the wainscot of the eastern wall and "part of the very fine Gobelin tapestry" were destroyed.

Lord Whitworth died in 1825, and the Duchess was so inconsolable that to this event "may in great measure be attributed her own dissolution," which followed a few months later. The Earl De La Warr, who had helped to put out the fire in 1808, was the husband of her younger daughter, and, as we have seen, became seated at Buckhurst. Her elder daughter had the Earl of Plymouth for her first husband, but afterwards married Lord Amherst, whose seat of Montreal was close to Knole. At Knole they lived for many years, but on the death of the Countess without issue that place passed to one of her nephews. By a settlement that had been made Knole

was not to pass to the eldest of them or any subsequent Earl De La Warr. Three of her younger nephews held it in succession, and then a nephew of the last of these succeeded as Lord Sackville and owner of Knole. He and Lady Sackville in the fullest degree realise the glories of the place. They bring to the preservation of its true character an informed knowledge and a warm affection. Their constant effort is to maintain and enhance the great historic and architectural value of this noble house, and also to preserve in their original condition its innumerable and inimitable contents. To these they even add, and many of the delightful objects in Lady Sackville's own sitting-room on the first floor of the Bouchier gatehouse are recent introductions. But they take no selfish view of their possession, and every intelligent Englishman, nay, every civilised citizen of the world who sets foot in England cannot do better than seize the opportunity so generously offered to visit Knole, and thus realise what an historic English home can be when, laden with all that is best in its past, it has drifted unscathed

hay was likely to go out of fashion. On the contrary, the consumption seems to be as great as, if not greater than, ever, and, as far as our own knowledge goes, the official figures understate rather than overstate the value at the present moment. Last week hay changed hands near London at £7 a ton. This is tantalising to the farmer who looks at the existing condition of his crops. If he lives in the North he may well be hopeful since the long drought broke and rain came in time to improve the hay prospects; but a great deal of that in the South of England was utterly hopeless before the rain began to fall. The clover had flowered and the grass was beginning to seed. It did so when only a few inches high on very light soil, and a deluge would not give a good crop now. On heavy clays the outlook is rather better; but even there the flowering and seeding have been premature, owing to the dry ripe character of the month of May, so that there is very little chance of good returns being obtained this year. That is the generally expressed opinion among farmers; but when cutting becomes general, as it will in the course of a few days, the facts will be known more definitely. A feature of the meadows at which we have looked is that there is much less bottom than usual. The



Copyright.

KNOLE: IN THE PHEASANT COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

through the waves of changing taste and is safely anchored in the haven of loving appreciation. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE HAY CROP.

IN the official return of market prices for the week ending Wednesday, May 29th, 1912, the prices of hay are given as follows, the two figures referring to first and second quality: Bristol, 115s., 105s.; Carlisle, —, 86s. 6d.; Darlington, 110s., 100s.; Derby, 110s., 97s. 6d.; Hull, 100s., —; Liverpool, 120s., 105s.; London, 122s., 100s.; Manchester, 117s., 110s.; Newport, 102s. 6d., —; Wolverhampton, 130s., —; Dundee, 106s., 100s.; Edinburgh, 97s. 6d., —; Glasgow, 100s., 95s. This is for clover hay. Meadow hay runs from 5s. to 10s. a ton cheaper, except in one or two places, such as Wolverhampton, where it is the same. These figures are full of significance to the farmer at the present moment. In themselves they are extraordinary enough, as they confute the prophecies of those who used to say that owing to the substitution of mechanical for horse-power the growing of

next thing to consider, if the farmer is forced to realise that the hay crop is going to be a partial or complete failure, is what else can be done to provide fodder. Those who are thrifty will put into action what they know about catch crops. A good thing is that they have had warning in plenty of time.

RIVAL LAND POLICIES.

In the June number of the *Nineteenth Century* the Marquess of Lincolnshire deals with the rival land policies of the two political parties. The subject is undoubtedly controversial, but at the same time so closely concerned with country interests that it may be as well to ascertain clearly what the late President of the Board of Agriculture has to say on the matter. There is a great deal of argument, but the conclusion arrived at may be put in a nutshell. The Marquess of Lincolnshire is of opinion that there is very little in the policy of ownership which is advocated by the Opposition. He evidently considers it absurd that a Government should be asked to advance the whole price of their holdings to men in the position of English tenant farmers, who bear no resemblance to their Irish contemporaries. Such help was given to the little holders of Connemara because of their absolute poverty. His argument comes to this: that no scheme of purchase is possible unless it includes the principle of a cash payment on the part of

the farmer of a substantial part of the purchase-money. Incidentally, he declares that in their land policy the Opposition are led by theorists who do not understand the practical working of agriculture. The very same reproach has been urged against his own friends by their opponents. The policy set up in preference to purchase is security of tenure. The gist of it is given in the concluding sentences of the article: "The Government propose to give farmers whose holdings are sold the right to claim an extended notice, enabling them to remain in their farms for two years at

least from the date of the notice to quit, which will go far to mitigate the hardship incurred at present. Personally, I look forward to the day when every tenant farmer shall be entitled to claim that any dispute with his landlord as to the rent shall be settled by arbitration; and when every agreement for the letting of a farm shall contain a clause allowing the tenant to vote as he likes, to pray where he likes, and, subject to reasonable covenants, to farm as he likes, and providing that no notice to quit should be given on account of difference of political or religious opinions."

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. RICHARD EDGE CUMBE has rendered the public a real service by printing *The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787-1817* (John Murray). His grandmother wrote this diary solely for the benefit of her private friends and without any thought of publication; hence it is entirely unaffected, and in the clearest way reflects the charming and beautiful character of the writer. It also gives us a fresh and most vivid picture of society in the reign of George III. Every page of it is interesting; but to most English readers it is probable that the early chapters, which give an account of Lady Shelley's upbringing and marriage, will possess the greater fascination; even to those who recognise the attractiveness of her account of Switzerland as it was when inhabited by a race of quiet and happy peasants upon whom the idea had not yet dawned that the easiest way to earn a living was to get it out of the pockets of travellers. The Swiss then were a pastoral people, with all the simplicity and picturesqueness associated with the phrase. But the England of the time of George III. was, at any rate, more amusing. This could be seen, if from nothing else, by the freedom of speech customary with Lady Shelley, a woman, be it remembered, whose purity and refinement are everywhere apparent. There is scarcely a page in her diary which does not tell of change. She was born at Preston in Lancashire in 1787—"Proud Preston" it was called then, because it was the winter residence of the nobility and the county families; but when she was a baby the character of the place was being completely altered by the building of factories and the general extension of commerce. Her father determined to leave the place in disgust because one day, on going to the fishmonger's, "he found himself forestalled in the purchase of the finest turbot by a Mr. Horrocks, a cotton spinner!" He said that, after that, Preston was no place for a gentleman, and shifted his camp to a house about four miles out of Liverpool. It is a pity he died while she was still only six years of age, because he was evidently a character round whom must have centred many curious stories. There is only one related here, but it is eloquent of the rest. One night, when he had gone through two or three bottles of port, he insisted on taking the child out of bed in the middle of the night and carried her in his coach, with four black horses, his servants in tawny orange liveries, to Blackpool. She was rescued from the hotel where they put up by a friend and the anxiety of her mother relieved. The little girl, at the age of eight, was sent to a small child's school at Twickenham, where she submitted to the violence and smacking which were thought indispensable. After two years at this school her mother took her to reside at her own house under a governess at Bath.

She was decidedly inclined to consumption in childhood, and, in view of the present attitude to tuberculosis, it is not without interest that we learn that Dr. Beddoes

used to put his consumptive patients in rooms above the cow-houses. Through the chinks of the flooring the breath of the cows ascended; this was supposed to be an infallible cure.

As she was growing up from childhood to womanhood, the influence of the French Revolution was distinctly felt:

Practical measures were adopted to improve the condition of the poor. Land allotments, clothing clubs, and many other philanthropic measures were promoted. Village schools sprang up in many parts of the country. The parson no longer hunted; or shot, five days in the week, cleaning his fowling-piece on the sixth, prior to the preparation of a drowsy sermon, delivered on the seventh day to a sleeping congregation. Every man felt the necessity for setting his house in order, and every woman began to educate her children, so that, if the necessity arose, they might, like the distinguished French emigrants, who were reduced to earn a livelihood, be able to become governesses or tutors. This healthful spirit of the times made an impression upon me also, and had its influence in the formation of my character.

When she was about fifteen years of age she was placed under the care of a Mrs. Olier, who received four young heiresses. The fee for each pupil was a thousand a year. In this connection she met a great celebrity:

The afterwards celebrated Sydney Smith was a nephew of Mrs. Olier, our preceptress, and often came to dine at our table. He was then the most agreeable

of convives. He had lately married, and was settled in London, where he wrote articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, then in its first brilliancy. He often preached at the chapel we attended, his sermons being excellent moral essays. He would afterwards enliven our Sunday evenings with his fun, and not very clerical conversation.

She left the Oliers' at seventeen and returned to her brother at Rufford Hall, and it was about this period she fell in love with Sir John Shelley. In describing this event, she gives a very piquant account of a famous sportsman:

A party had been invited to decide upon my qualifications for admission into their set (as Shelley's prospective wife)—a set most exclusive and superfine! Old Meynell, the arbiter of fashion, was there. He was both Master of Hounds and of hearts, supposed to be irresistible with women; though ugly, he was said to require but half an hour to drive from the field the handsomest man in London. This extraordinary man was the *reputed* father of many of the peers!

This sketch of Old Meynell will be read with keen interest by sportsmen. Sir John Shelley was seventeen years older than she was and had lived very much in the sun at a time when gambling, drinking and every kind of licentiousness were the fashion. The story of the courtship, although exemplifying the truth of the adage that the course of true love never did run smooth, is very typical of the age of George III. She knew that Sir John had been a *roué*, and for twelve years had been the devoted admirer of Lady Haggerstone, a sister of the celebrated Mrs. FitzHerbert, whose intrigue with the Prince of Wales is a matter of history. The manners of the times are illustrated by the following anecdote, which tells how the dulness was relieved of the parties of four—Shelley, Lady Haggerstone, the Prince of Wales and Mrs. FitzHerbert:

On one occasion, as Sir John entered the room, he saw the Prince kneeling at the feet of Mrs. FitzHerbert in an attitude which suggested prayer, rather than devotion to a woman. The broad expanse of the royal form, in an attitude of supplication, so excited Sir John's sense of the ludicrous that he gave the royal posterior a vigorous push, which sent his Royal Highness sprawling at his lady's feet!

With a terrible oath his Royal Highness regained his feet, and advanced towards his tormentor, who wisely made his escape *à toutes jambes*! The Prince there and then declared that he had already put up with much, but that this outrage should receive condign punishment.

Love of the old customs shows in the following protest:

It was not, in those days, customary to have more than three or four women at dinner-parties, where there were eight or ten men; and dinners were not, as now, a jumble of pairs like the animals entering the Ark. Dinners were then arranged with care and thought, so as to secure the most agreeable conversation. This lent an especial charm to those select gatherings.

At the dinners to which she refers, Tommy Moore, Luttrell, Rogers and Sydney Smith were regular diners.

We linger over her description of life at Holkham, the residence of the Cokes, but must forbear the pleasure of quotation. Nor can we do more than relate the fact that she got into terms of great intimacy with the Duke of Wellington, and that in these pages there is probably the most intimate account extant of the great soldier in private life. It is written by a whole-hearted admirer; but on that account it is all the more valuable. She gives a very striking picture of Wellington speaking of Waterloo, his eye glistening, his voice broken:

"I hope to God," he said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained. Not only do you lose those dear friends with whom you have been living, but you are forced to leave the wounded behind you. To be sure, one tries to do the best for them, but how little that is! At such moments every feeling in your breast is deadened. I am now just beginning to regain my natural spirits, but I never wish for any more fighting."

Nelson she did not like nearly so well, although in her description of him there are many points which would not be found in serious history. There is one other anecdote about Wellington which we cannot refrain from giving. It refers to the glorious June 18th, 1815, when the battle had been fought and the news was coming through to London:

"Wellington is safe!" cried the London mob, as they followed Colonel Percy's carriage, bearing the Eagles taken on the field of Waterloo. "We don't know what the news is," they cried, "but Wellington is safe!"

There were many in the crowd who remembered the tragic story of Trafalgar. Thus the words, "Wellington is safe," had a deep and peculiar significance. But the anxiety was terrible; owing to Wellington's rapid advance upon Paris, and the consequent delay in publishing the names of those gallant fellows who had fallen on the field of battle.

It would be easy to fill our pages with quotations as interesting as these; but we must refer the reader to the book itself. It forms the most vivid account extant of social life in the reign of George III.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

The Fugitive Years, by Katharine Simpson. (John Long.)

THERE is a certain grim force in Mrs. Katharine Simpson's novel, *The Fugitive Years*. The scene is laid in Yorkshire, and the story opens with Rhoda Laverick while yet a child. Rhoda is the daughter of the Squire's sister by an unequal marriage; her friendship with her cousin, Geoffrey Oswaldson, though tolerated, is not encouraged. Previous to his father's sending the lad to Eton it is suggested to him that on his return from school it would be advisable to make use of the opportunity of breaking with Rhoda. All too willingly Geoffrey falls in with his father's wishes, and the cousins drift apart. Meantime, Squire Oswaldson, through caprice and to fit in with his own plans, sends Rhoda to school first and then to Gorton. The result is the opening up of a new and fascinating world to the girl, whose life at its start promised to be shadowed by the limiting and uncongenial companionship of Dinah Laverick, a well-drawn and lifelike character. The return of Geoffrey to Highcliff, his marriage and disillusionment, and the sequel of events that follows on these, provide Mrs. Simpson with material for a novel which seems to have taken as a model the style of those prosy but essentially safe and estimable volumes which provided amusement and diversion for the reader of thirty years ago.

A Health Unto His Majesty, by J. Huatly McCarthy. (Hurst and Blackett.)

THOUGH Charles II. may not be a very gallant figure in history, Mr. McCarthy, in making him the hero of *A Health Unto His Majesty*, has endowed him with sufficient Stewart charm of personality to discount considerably the defects of his virtues. The time is that almost immediately after the death of Oliver Cromwell and the brief space of authority enjoyed by the Protector's son, Richard; the place is Breda. Here Charles, whose hopes on Cromwell's death had temporarily mounted, surrounded by impecunious nobility and others, passes his time in inaction. His cause espoused to no great effect by the handful of adherents still faithful to the Stewarts, he knows himself no welcome guest in any capital; and, in the inactive state of mind induced by his condition, easily falls a victim to the beauty and wit of Jane Lane, to whom he owed his life after Worcester. The love of Charles for Jane Lane provides excuse for a pretty romance in which the gracious charm and courage of the sister of Colonel Lane makes an irresistible appeal. Her attempts to further Charles' fortunes, the conflict between head and heart which follows on her wooing by him, and the ultimate renunciation which necessarily succeeds the memorable interview between the King and General Monk, show her a lovable and resourceful character. Mr. McCarthy has an easy and pleasant style, and there is a refreshing simplicity about his tale that should commend it to readers who are not out for unlimited bloodshed and strife.

The Sea Devils, by J. Bloundelle Burton. (F. V. White.)

THE hero of *The Sea Devils*, Arthur Acton, is an Englishman, alias Adriana Adama, who has served as pilot to the Spaniards in the Armada. In requital for his father's imprisonment in one of the prisons of the Inquisition in Lisbon he proposes to deceive the enemy while apparently in its service. The Armada scattered, he determines, at the story's opening, to attempt the rescue of his father. To this end he and another, Abel Johnson, with whom he had served under Drake in the past, plan a visit to Lisbon, where there is seething disaffection among the Portuguese against the Spaniard. Here, through his love of Juana, a Spanish woman, he is betrayed into the hands of the Inquisition. With a fine sturdy independence and optimism he is, at first, disposed to look lightly upon his position, to muse on the satisfaction it would give him to have his enemy Baltazar here with him and beat his brains

out against the wall. Afterwards, as solitary confinement begins to work its inevitable will, he loses something of his truculence. For, though he has been cast by his author for the role of hero, he is a true villain besides, but with moments of tenderness and his own code of honour.

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 40*.]

THE HORSE AND PONY SHOW AT RANELAGH.

ON Saturday, in beautiful weather, the annual show of horses and polo ponies was held at Ranelagh. There were a large number of entries and the quality was up to the high standard at which the directors aim. Mr. H. Le Marchant's



CAPTAIN JENNER'S LORNA DOONE.

Gaythorn added one more to the many laurels he has won by carrying off the prize for single-harness cobs or horses of over 14h. 2in. Lord Dalmeny, with his bay gelding, Chanticleer, took the silver medal offered by the Polo and Riding Pony Society for the best polo pony in the heavy and light weight classes, winners of similar medals in 1912 being ineligible. In the class for heavy-weight ponies Captain E. G. Gwyer was first with Lancer, and Lord Dalmeny was second with Chanticleer. Captain Jenner's Lorna Doone was placed first



JUMPING THE WATER.

in the class for light-weight ponies. In the class for single-harness ponies under 14h. 2in., Mr. T. W. Simpson was first with Chocolate Soldier. In the class for single-harness cobs or horses, the property of members of Ranelagh, Señor M. A. Martinez de Hoz was first with Gay Boy. Mr. H. Faudel Phillips produced the best hack of any height in Chocolate Soldier. In the class for double-harness horses Mr. T. W. Simpson's Argo and Coronet were first, with Mr. N. C. Colman's Starlight of Nork and Twilight of Nork second. In the four-in-hand competition Mr. N. C. Colman's team was



A LIGHT-WEIGHT.



SINGLE-HARNESS PONIES.

placed first, and Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt's second. The jumping competition was won by Mr. J. Coleman with Silver Lock, Miss Mona Dunn's Gallant being second. It was a pretty show, and very well attended. The habit of going to horse exhibitions is a growing one among members of London society, and it may safely be prophesied that the two great shows to which we are now looking forward—the International and the Richmond Horse Show—will, if the weather conditions be at all favourable, achieve a success which will outshine those of previous years.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

WHERE heroes meet heroes, either in war or pastime, it is inevitable that heroes should fall, and to do the battles justice they should be recounted in the Homeric strain; but a homelier muse must serve the purpose of one who, while the warriors are away, must tell the story of their doings. The first day at Westward Ho! then, was chiefly remarkable for the fall of Mr. Hutchinson, whose admirers hoped almost against hope that he would add one more to the many laurels that already decorate his brow. But there is no withstanding fate, and he was obliged to surrender to a fellow-clubman of the Royal North Devon in the person of the Hon. Denys Scott, who won his match in the second round also, but fell in the third before Mr. Bennett, who claimed victory by the narrow margin of one. Mr. R. Harris, from whom great things had been expected, also on the first day succumbed to Mr. Crabb Watt. On the second day the most notable defeat was that of Mr. Lassen, who, on the last green, lost to Mr. Copland. Another surprise was found in the fall of the American representative, Mr. Herreshoff, who had so splendidly maintained the reputation of his country against the English amateur champion on the occasion of Mr. Hilton's visit to America. His victor was Mr. Brown, whose golf has mostly been played in the Straits Settlements, and whose game is in itself a fine tribute to the quality of the golf on that distant course. In the third round Mr. Hilton and Mr. Dick came together, which means a ding-dong fight, for the two are well-known friendly adversaries, and Mr. Dick is a resolute and good player, not at all nervous about meeting even the champion. He acquitted himself most creditably; but doom was against him, and the end came at the seventeenth hole. Captain Hutchison, who often fails to do as well as is expected of him, fell before a Scottish foe in the person of Mr. Macfarlane. It was a very fine match, and ended all square, so that it had to be carried to the nineteenth hole. Here the luck was against Captain Hutchison. He played a couple of splendid shots with his wooden clubs, but the last one landed in the ditch, and so the hole and the

match was lost. Mr. Ball, up to the time of writing, has played in most promising form. In the second round he met a very capable player in the person of Mr. Cairnes, who made a stubborn fight of it, but was beaten at last by 3 and 2. Mr. E. Blackwell has also been playing well, and came victoriously through the first three rounds. In the last he met a worthy adversary in Mr. Norman Hunter, who, however, was easily beaten. In the fifth round Mr. H. H. Hilton, winner of last year's Amateur Championship, was beaten by Mr. A. V. Hambro and Mr. Croome by the Hon. M. Scott. Before these pages come under

the reader's eye the result will be known, and it is risky to prophesy. It will be noticed with particular pleasure by readers of this journal that Mr. Bernard Darwin was undefeated at the end of the third round, and it would give general satisfaction if this most popular of players were to come close to, or into, the closing struggle. NEMO.

DESICCATED ST. ANDREWS.

THE St. Andrews people seem to be fully alive to the evil state to which their classic course has been reduced by the drought. They have indicated, thus long beforehand, the necessity of adjourning till a later date not named the play for the Calcutta Cup, which ought to be an August affair. They say, in explanation, that repairs to greens and so on will not be completed by that time. But such completion, as we all know, depends a great deal on the clouds, and if they do not give us an abundance of rain in the summer it is hard to see how this completion is to be achieved or the course in general to recover itself. I only speak from what I am told, being as reluctant to see St. Andrews in any distressful condition as to gaze on the sufferings of any other old friend; but there is no doubt that the case is serious, and that it is complicated by that charter of free golf, or whatever it is called, granted long ago and still causing trouble about even the most necessary closure of the green. A benevolent despotism would be the ideal form of government in this instance, but we have something like its opposite. Since this was written the Town Council of St. Andrews has met and adopted the proposals that had been put forward to meet the difficulty. They include the laying out of a new eighteen-hole course on ground to be acquired as a relief, and power to levy charges for play on both the old and the new course. Municipal voters and their families will be exempt, and so



MR. JUSTICE SCRUTTON.

a rule we regard this trampling and hardening as likely to make a course less susceptible to the evils of too much rain, but also less able to bear well a spell of drought. It has been a feature of Walton Heath hitherto to play better in the damp time than in the dry, because of its quick drainage and the evaporation that goes on at the top of the heath, where the course is picturesquely situated. But of late it seems to have developed a new capacity for withstanding drought, and there are some who attribute this directly to the walking upon it, the idea being that the tramp of many feet has had the effect of packing the sub-soil tighter than it used



MR. JUSTICE NEVILLE.

will be the members of the Royal and Ancient.

WALTON HEATH STANDING THE DROUGHT WELL.

No doubt the effect of last summer's drought has been very different on different greens. Of St. Andrews it is evident that only by special providence of Jupiter Pluvius can it be restored to good estate. Westward Ho! much rained on in the winter and well dried in April, is in very fine condition; but there are one or two courses of which it is said that the dryness of last summer was of positive advantage to them. Among these is Hoylake, where a certain coarseness of fibre of grass which some of the residents say they have begun to notice only since the nibbling rabbits were killed down, is stated to have its grass blades refined once more; and this is attributed to the desiccating summer heat. Walton Heath offers a curious instance of the effect of trampling down. As

to lie and so making it less porous. If this idea is correct, it is natural to think that in this state it would hold the moisture better, and so it is not impossible that the trampling may have here produced a beneficial result of a kind in direct contrast to that which it commonly exercises.

"EMERGENCY GREENS."

We hear a great many complaints of poor golfers going to courses on which some great event is shortly to take place and finding the holes on "emergency greens," the tees not in the statutory places, and so on; and since they have come on purpose to study and learn the course in preparation for that great event in which they intend to take a part, they are filled with fury, because their intention is completely frustrated. They find quite another course from that which they will have to play on when the great day comes. Their fury is just about as natural as it is irrational. It is natural, because it is very exasperating to make a long journey and spend money and have much of the purpose of the journey and the expense defeated, but it is also irrational, because, if you come to think about it, you must realise that the local green committee is bound to look ahead and to get its course into the best possible order for the big matches, and that, to this end, it is bound to lay up and rest certain parts of the course and the best parts of the greens now and then. If it did not do this, the fury of the competitors when the big day came would be quite a rational as well as quite a natural fury.

NECESSITY FOR RESTING COURSES—AND A SUGGESTION.

Let it be granted, then, that the green has to be rested, partially and locally: the right thing seems to be that visitors going down for inspection and study of the course should appreciate this, and should put themselves into communication with the secretary of the club before going. He, on his part, ought to be relied on to appreciate their rather vexatious position, and to do all he can to help them by telling them, to the best of his power, when the green will be

so far restored to its normal state as to give them a good chance of learning what it is like when set out for great occasions. It is possible that the conditions might be made public in some of the enlightened newspapers which give its properly prominent place to the golfing news. St. Andrews is to be commended in this respect, for it makes a point of publishing information regarding the closing of the old course when the closure appears necessary to the powers that be for its recuperation and rest. The real remedy for the trouble of the disappointed prospectors of the strange course, however, is simple and lies in their own hands—they should realise the probability that the best greens and so on will be given a rest for a while before anything approaching the dignity of a championship is played on them, and should write a line to the secretary, asking how the land lies. That would save much disappointment and vain reviling. H. G. H.

THE BAR TOURNA- MENT.

There are few such friendly and amusing tournaments in the golfing world as that of the Bar Golfing Society, which was played last week at Deul. It affords a fine display of that "pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whisker for which the Bar of England is so justly celebrated"; it also—but this is more rare—affords a fine display of golf. You may meet in this tournament highly



MR. JUSTICE AVORY.

distinguished lawyers who are but poor golfers, and highly distinguished golfers who have long since lost their wigs and only make this one annual appearance as barristers. You may also meet—which is particularly pleasant—learned judges, who by a legal fiction are still considered as members of the Bar for the purposes of this tournament. This year there were at least three—Mr. Justice Neville, Mr. Justice Scrutton and Mr. Justice Avory—but no judge has hitherto succeeded in winning. As a rule, those who own sticks have had a good time in this tournament, but this year they were beaten early. Even Mr. Beveridge could not carry a penalty of six strokes, and Mr. Tindal Atkinson could not add a third victory to the two he has won already, the final ultimately resting between Mr. Davies and Mr. Laurie, whose handicaps were eight and five respectively.

THE SCOTTISH VICTORY.

Scotland have won many victories in the International matches, but they have, I think, never won one that redounded so much to their credit as that at Westward Ho! on Saturday last. Scotsmen had been very unenterprising about undertaking the long journey to the West, and there were practically only thirteen Scotsmen out of whom were to be chosen five foursome couples. To be sure, most of these thirteen were very good, and the gentleman who, jumping rashly at conclusions, betted that the Englishmen would win every match, very richly deserved to lose his money. Still, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Graham, Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Robertson-Durham must make by their absence a big hiatus in any team, while the English selectors had such an embarrassment of riches that they had to leave out quite a number of good players—even so good an one as Mr. H. E. Taylor, in which last respect, by the way, I humbly think they were wrong. So it seemed only reasonable to expect an English victory, but two of the things which were meant to happen did not happen. Mr. John Ball and Mr. Abe Mitchell did beat Mr. Harris and Mr. Hunter; Mr. Lassen and Mr. Woolley did not beat Mr. Edward Blackwell and Mr. "Tony" Fairlie. In both these matches the winners deserved much credit, but the mistakes of the losers had most to do with the result. Mr. Lassen put Mr. Woolley into too many bunkers and Mr. John Ball was for once in a way not himself at all.

MR. BALL AND SOME OTHERS.

There is a pleasant if disrespectful story of Mr. Ball's caddie. He was asked if he was not playing for Mr. Ball. "Oh no," he replied, "for a middle-aged gentleman they have brought in at the last moment to take his place." This remark did, in some measure, describe Mr. Ball's play. He was completely cheerful, as ever, but he was also completely "off it." Yet I remember that



MR. TINDAL ATKINSON.

two years ago he was "off it" in the International and was beaten very badly by Mr. Maxwell. But a week later he had won his seventh championship by grand golf. So while, at the time of writing these lines, he is playing badly, at the time of printing them he may well be playing almost as brilliantly as ever he did in his life. Mr. Mitchell, his partner, drove far and sure as ever, but I have seen him play better, and he certainly did not play nearly so well as Mr. Harris, who was magnificent throughout. I do not think I have ever seen him play better, save possibly on the green, and that is saying a great deal. The play of the day, however, was that of Mr. Hilton. Mr. Ellis, his partner, was almost irreproachable, but Mr. Hilton was better still. Mr. Ellis never did anything wrong, but Mr. Hilton did a number of things so supremely right, laying pitches stone dead, spoon shots within a few yards of the hole, and long putts right into the hole. It was a glorious exhibition of foursome play, and Captain Hutchison and Mr. Lockhart had really something to complain of. They played quite good golf, for long stretches together very fine golf, and the first hole they won was the twenty-seventh.

A THRILLING FINISH.

Perhaps the most exciting finish of the day was that in which Mr. Edward Blackwell and Mr. W. E. Fairlie just beat Mr. Lassen and Mr. Woolley. The two illustrious veterans, if I might so term the gentlemen whose aggregate age is exactly one hundred, were undoubtedly lucky at the last two holes, and yet I was almost unpatriotic enough to rejoice at their good fortune. At the seventeenth Mr. Fairlie topped his second, which made straight for the towering rampart which traverses the course. By all the laws of chance the ball should have been buried in the rampart, but it "took off" at exactly the right point and leaped miraculously over. Mr. Blackwell followed by hitting an iron shot off the shank of the club, and once more by the intervention of Providence the ball escaped destruction and ran between two patches of rough. Finally, at the last hole, Mr. Blackwell pulled his second into that most dangerous country to the left of the green, where run many and muddy little ditches, and once again the ball lay clear, and the Scotsmen got the half they needed. Certainly then they were lucky, but it was a great win over a very strong pair, especially after being two down at lunchtime. Mr. Scott and Mr. Martin Smith just got home against Mr. Dick and Mr. Simpson after another thrilling finish, and Mr. Scott holed a very, very good putt to win. Moreover, he had, I believe, holed another such at the seventeenth, and yet another at the sixteenth, and this is tremendous work, even though the greens be just about the best in the world, as those at Westward Ho! certainly are. B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GROUSE, RYPER AND THE MENDELIAN THEORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with pleasure Mr. Wormald's very interesting article on "Grouse in Captivity" in *COUNTRY LIFE* for May 25th, and should like to make one comment. Mr. Wormald says that by repeated crossing of the red grouse with the ryper all trace of either parent species might easily be eliminated, and that this is "the exact opposite of what Mendel would have us believe. According to his law, the offspring of this [second] generation should be one half pure grouse and one half pure ryper, instead of being practically indistinguishable from pure grouse and *vice versa* pure ryper. The fallacy of his theory is easily proved by hybridising more easily obtained birds. . . . I have no quarrel with Mr. Wormald's facts, which are doubtless quite correct, but wish to point out that he has quite misunderstood Mendel's theory. Under no circumstances, on that theory, by crossing a first-generation hybrid back with one of the parental races can one obtain both the pure parental forms ("pure grouse and pure ryper"). If the forms used differ in one unit-character only, the result should be half pure grouse and half hybrids like the first generation; or, if the ryper were used as parents, half should be ryper and half hybrids. The grouse-like offspring of the second generation mated with grouse should give, as he says, only pure grouse; the ryper, if the cross is made the other way, mated with ryper should give only pure ryper. Mr. Wormald's facts are thus entirely in accord with Mendel's theory, and do not contradict it as he supposes. The theory has suffered so severely from misunderstandings of this kind, when those who have not grasped its principles assume that cases which they meet with in practice are inconsistent with it, that I think it worth while to point out that Mr. Wormald's facts, instead of disproving Mendel's law, actually support it.—L. DONCASTER, Museum of Zoology, Cambridge.

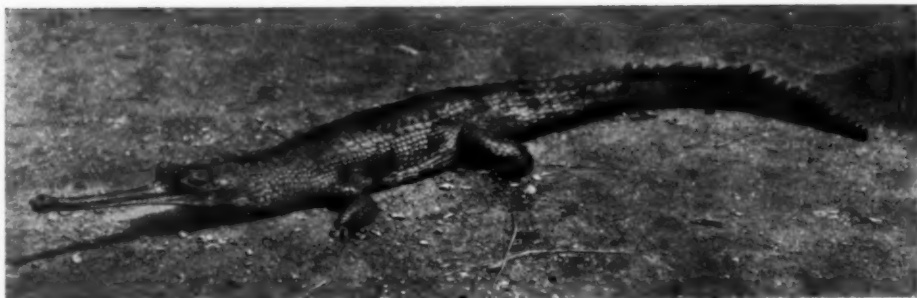
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Whatever Mr. Wormald writes about birds is always worthy of our most careful attention, because he almost invariably gives us of his personal experience. It is therefore with some misgivings that I venture to make one or two friendly criticisms on that part of his letter in your last issue which concerned ryper and red grouse in reference to the Mendelian theory. Mr. Wormald contends that the specific characters of the red grouse or the ryper could be bred out by reciprocal crosses in three generations, thus transforming either

species into the other, the males being dominant. But in making this statement he is obviously only giving expression to a pious opinion, for in the first place this experiment has not yet been tried; and, in the second, the evidence on this aspect of Mendelism, so far as it has been collected, goes to show that such a feat has, as yet, been accomplished only in the case of certain plants. I feel sure that Mr. Wormald, when he says that the specific characters of the ryper, or the red grouse, as the case may be, could be bred out in three generations, and that this result is "the exact opposite of what Mendel would have us believe," is speaking from a "general impression" of Mendel's work, and not after a careful study of current literature on the subject. For it is certainly not correct to say that "according to his law the offspring of this generation should be one half pure grouse and one half pure ryper. . . ." I believe I am correct in saying that this ratio is extremely rare, and, so far, has only been obtained in the case of experiments made by Messrs. Bateson and Punnett on hybrid white and black fowls, when white was dominant to black. Mr. Wormald has had more experience in the breeding and rearing of gamebirds than falls to the lot of most of us, and it is devoutly to be hoped that he will set himself the task of carrying out the experiment he suggests on the Mendelian lines; that is to say, paying particular attention to those individuals among his broods which do not conform to expectations. To make the results conclusive, the experiments must be carried further than the three generations he builds upon. Mendel's great discovery was due entirely to his meticulous exactness and the searching criticism to which he subjected the individuals in his experiments which did not conform to preconceived notions. In the case of experiments with ryper it will certainly be necessary to keep one or two pure-bred species in the pens as "controls," or an element of doubt may creep in as to whether some of the changes in his experimental birds may not be due, after all, to climatic influences.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

[These letters were submitted to Mr. Wormald, who replies to them as follows: "I have read with interest Mr. Doncaster's and Mr. Pycraft's criticisms on my letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of the 25th ult. I admit my mistake, and acknowledge with shame that it was through pure carelessness that I wrote 'the offspring of the second generation should be one half pure grouse and one half pure ryper.' What I had intended to say was 'The offspring of the second generation should be one half pure grouse and one half hybrids like the first generation,' as Mr. Doncaster says. But that is where I differ with Mr. Doncaster, though I admit that I am only giving expression, as Mr. Pycraft says, to 'a

pious opinion'; for I am not aware that this cross between pure grouse and hybrid grouse and ryper has ever been worked out. My point is that in this cross we should not arrive at a single bird mistakable for a pure grouse, nor one resembling the hybrids of the generation before. At any rate, this is *not* the result one arrives at by crossing the various pheasants. I may be wrong, but I do not think that a grouse is further removed from a ryper than a Mongolian pheasant is from a black-necked pheasant (*P. colchicus*). I have bred thousands of pheasants by crossing pure Mongolian cocks with hybrid Mongolians and colchicus hens, and the result has always been birds like pure Mongolians, though readily distinguished from the pure bird by an expert, although I have often had this cross offered me as pure birds! Moreover, the birds of this cross always seem to come to one particular type; as I say, very like pure Mongolians, but differing from them in that the males have the ring round the neck less wide; the throat and lower neck instead of being pure claret colour, as in Mongolians, is diffused with green and purple (showing the colchicus blood); the rump and tail also differ from the pure Mongolians'. The hens of this cross also differ from the pure birds; the whole plumage of the upper parts is slightly darker than the pure Mongolians', and the eyes are darker and richer than the pure Mongolians', which should be as pale as a wood-pigeon's. In the same way,



THE GHARIAL.

A GHARIAL AT THE ZOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, taken by Mr. W. S. Berridge, is that of a gharial (*Gavialis gangeticus*) in the Zoological Gardens, one of a pair brought over from Calcutta along with the King's Indian Collection. Although not uncommon in some parts of the Ganges and Indus, this crocodile is very rarely seen in captivity; it is now nearly thirty years since one was exhibited in this country. In spite of being one of the largest living reptiles, reaching a length of nearly thirty feet, it very seldom attacks man, its extremely long and narrow snout, with numerous slender teeth, are adapted for catching fish, as its name gharial, the Hindustani for fish-eater, indicates. A similar adaptation is seen in the fresh-water porpoise of the Ganges, *Platanista*. The two specimens now on view at the Gardens, which measure five feet and seven feet in length respectively, are very savage and wild and, up to the present, have refused all food. This, however, is often the case with freshly-captured crocodiles and alligators, but in a few weeks' time they will, no doubt, have got used to captivity and take more kindly to their new surroundings. Thanks to this new addition, the collection of crocodiles at the Zoological Gardens now comprises representatives of all but one of the existing genera, viz., *Gavialis*, *Crocodylus*, *Osteolemus*, *Alligator*, and *Caiman*. The missing genus is *Tomistoma*, the so-called false gharial, from its similarity to the true gharial, which inhabits the Malay Peninsula and Borneo.—E. G. BOULENGER.



ROPING THE BRIDEGROOM.

by crossing a pure versicolour cock pheasant with hybrid versicolour hens, I have never succeeded in breeding a single bird, either male or female, that an expert would not at once distinguish from the pure versicolour (this generation is so well recognised by game-farmers that we term it three-quarter-bred versicolour, Mongolian or whatever male parent may have been used); but by crossing these 'three-quarter'-bred females with a pure cock again we get a bird practically indistinguishable from the male parent, though in some there are very slight colchicus markings on the flanks, and this is what I believe would be the result in working out the cross between grouse and ryper. Again, with ducks, by crossing a pintail with a wild duck one obtains a bird exactly halfway between the two parents, and these hybrids are, in my experience, always exactly alike, whether bred *inter se* or by the pintail crossed with the wild duck; but I have never obtained a bird that could be mistaken for a pure pintail by crossing the hybrid ducks with pure pintail drakes again, neither have I obtained a bird resembling the first cross. These three-quarter-bred pintails invariably show the mallard blood in them on the breast, which comes a very pale pinkish brown instead of pure white, and the two centre tail-feathers always have a slight upward curl instead of being straight as in the pure pintail, and the legs have a yellowish tinge, some more so than others; but I have never bred one with the pure slate grey legs of the pure pintail. I freely admit that I have not attempted to make such a study of Mendelian theories as either Mr. Doncaster or Mr. Pycraft, and I am quite ready to be proved in the wrong; I am here merely stating facts which I have proved to my own entire satisfaction. I cannot say what would be the results in crossing mallard drakes with pure pintail ducks, or their hybrids, again, with mallards, for the simple reason that it is extremely difficult to persuade pintail ducks to breed at all in confinement; neither have I tried crossing colchicus cocks with pure Mongolian hens, because, from a game-farmer's point of view, pure Mongolian hens are too valuable to waste by breeding hybrids from them.—ED.]

HOLDING THE BRIDE AND GROOM TO RANSOM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a very ancient West Country custom of roping the roadway against a village bride and bridegroom on their way to the breakfast from the church. It is a custom that has existed for many centuries, but, like all these pretty customs, is dying out. This one seems still to survive to a great extent. The idea of roping the road is to extract a tip or toll from the happy bridegroom. In the photograph two little village schoolgirls are roping the road, and the happy bridegroom is in the act of giving one of them some coppers. It was taken the other day at Wootton Courtenay, Exmoor.—A. VOWLES.

PHEASANT'S-EYE NARCISSI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of pheasant's-eye narcissus in case you would like to print them. They were taken this year in my garden on Tweedside. The first narcissi were planted seven years ago, and have increased to this.—DUNGLASS.



ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS.



A LOFTY SITE.

A CURIOUS SWARM.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I herewith enclose you a photograph, which I hope you may consider sufficiently interesting to put in COUNTRY LIFE, of a curious place a swarm of bees selected to settle upon. I witnessed the swarm being hived, but had to fetch my camera to take it after the hive had been fixed. The column is situated at the back of the drinking fountain just out of Newbury, on the Hungerford Road, and as the hive is securely tied down to the ball on the column, I believe it is intended to leave it there until the hive is full of honey; at all events, the bees appear perfectly satisfied with their position. A board is placed under the hive, so as to make it perfectly easy to remove when required.

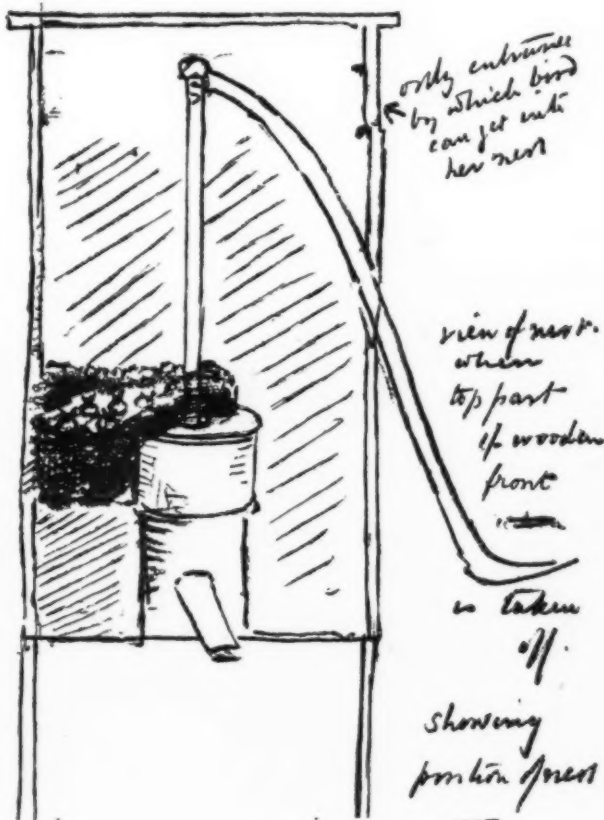
—A. HERBERT.

A NEST IN A PUMP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am staying with Captain Francis,

and I enclose you a rough sketch of a nest, made by a blue tit inside the case of the stable pump here, which has five young ones in it. The piston-rod of the pump absolutely goes through the side of the nest, and when the pump is worked the nest shakes. This is the third year running this nest has been made and all the chicks successfully reared. It is very curious, as the pump is worked practically at all times of the day. The only entrance to the nest is by the side of the wooden box where the pump-handle works.—HARRY DAY, Manor House, Long Stratton, Norfolk.



A WELL-ROCKED CRADLE.

A MATTER OF HABIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I write about your cover to the Summer Number of COUNTRY LIFE. To stick it into verse:

On moorlands ladies do not dress
In silken white attire;
They do not to be so arrayed
Upon the moors aspire.
They dress in tweed, wear good thick boots,
A short skirt that's well fitting;
A lady in a white silk dress
Would in the Park be sitting.
They do not hang on to big dogs
As in your sketch depicted;
They don't on moors wear white kid gloves,
Save mentally afflicted.
They do not wear a Leghorn straw
That shades their pretty faces;
They keep such hats for church parades
And when they go to races.

—AMOS MAUDSLAY.

[Our correspondent scores a hit, but the artist's aim was purely decorative—Ed.]

THE HOUSING PROBLEM AMONG BIRDS.

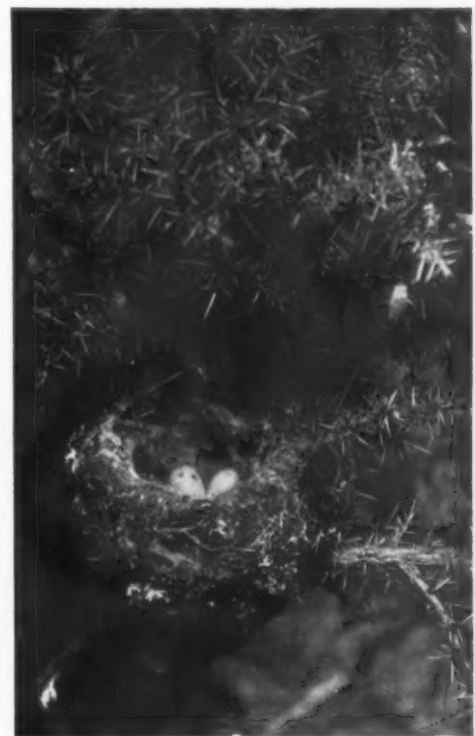
[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As a supplement to the interesting letter by Mr. Roberts in last week's issue, you may like to publish the two photographs by Mr. T. A. Metcalfe, enclosed herewith. They are not so abnormal as those which appeared before, but sufficiently so to be worth the attention of bird-lovers. The nests (it is obvious from their appearance) are those of chaffinches. One is on a grassy bank, one and a-half feet above water. When the bird began to build, the bank was almost bare. The photograph shows it surrounded by herbage, but quite apart from any tree or bush. The other is on one of the lowest boughs of a gorse bush, almost on the ground. The situations are very unlike those usually chosen by this handsome bird.—H. K. H.

[We are glad to publish these beautiful photographs by Mr. Metcalfe. The blue tit whose nest is sketched on this page, practically woven round a pump-handle, is not so æsthetic in his tastes as the fastidious chaffinch—a very artist among nest-builders.—Ed.]



A CHAFFINCH'S NEST ON THE GROUND.



IN GORSE.

CAUSE OF DEATH TO NESTLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is one of four young birds which I found dead in their nest yesterday morning. I should so much like to know the cause of death. The parent birds are both alive and well. I understand that you answer enquiries of this kind in your paper free of charge.—R. EARDLEY WILMOT.

[We are sorry that our correspondent did not send all four of these young birds. The specimen submitted to us was suffering from congestion of the lungs; but we also found in the posterior nares larvæ apparently of *Sacophaga carnaria*, which would indicate a severe strain on the bird's vitality from myiasis. These larvæ were very small, and are being reared in order to test

the truth of our diagnosis. They may have been larvæ of the common blow-fly, but at this stage of development it was difficult to be certain on this point.—ED.]

ANCIENT IRRIGATION.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think that the enclosed photograph of an Egyptian shadoof may interest your readers. In these days of vast irrigation works, it is becoming less common. The method is very ancient and very simple. A series of trenches are cut in the banks of the Nile, step fashion, the lowest fills itself from the river, then by means of the shadoof the water is ladled up into the next one by hand, and so on, until it gets into the actual irrigating trench. Your readers will note the counterpoise of



ANCIENT IRRIGATION—THE SHADOOF.

Nile mud. The method is clumsy and wasteful, and says little for the inventive powers of the fellaheen, but much for the profuse gifts that the earth and sun yield even to this primitive and inefficient irrigation. Perhaps the finest monuments to England in Egypt are the irrigation works, and foremost among them the magnificent Assuan Dam. Whatever loss there may have been in sinking Philæ is compensated a thousandfold in the increased prosperity of Egypt and happiness of her people.—A. T.

THE DEVIL'S STINK-HORN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed were found in the beech woods near my home here, and I am informed that they are truffles. I should be much obliged if you would be kind enough to tell me if this is so, as I am told that you would be likely to have knowledge of such things.—A. R. BRAKSPEAR, Henley-on-Thames.

[The fungus is not truffle, but the matrix of the Devil's Stinkhorn Fungus (*Ichthyophallus impudicus*). There has been some difficulty in identifying it, hence the delay.—ED.]



A SMALL HOLDING IN THE COTSWOLDS.

A MODERN TITANIA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—You may perhaps think the enclosed photograph pretty enough to reproduce; it was taken by Mrs. Howard of Corby.—H. L.

A NORFOLK SWIMMING HEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—On Whit-Sunday we (a party of five) and others had an excellent view at short range of a hen swimming across the middle of a wayside pond. The pond is about twenty feet across and is many feet deep. The immersion, to the accompaniment of some cackling and fluttering, happened from a bank about two feet perpendicular above present summer level; but whether it was caused by a voluntary header or an involuntary over-balancing it is not possible to say, as she did not come into sight until well started on her cross-pond swim, when she was making quite good time, the effect of each very good but unhurried leg stroke being noticeable. So far as could be ascertained, fright was not the cause of the adventure. On the far side of the pond at the time were two dozen one-third-grown ducklings, with whom, however, she did not stay, but made a direct line for the bank. Is it not somewhat unusual for a hen to perform such a feat of natation except under duress? As we were returning from church, no one had a camera for a snap-shot.—THOR.



PALS.

A SUCCESSFUL SMALL HOLDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On a May morning in the Cotswolds I came across that remarkably rare thing—a picturesque small holding. What was still more remarkable was the history of its occupier. Here it is in the words of the landowner's agent, a gentleman who is not a believer in small holdings as a cure for the decay of village life. "It was in 1897," said the land agent to me, "when this man, whose cottage you have photographed, receiving only eleven shillings a week wages, came to me and said: 'I want to buy a caa, sir.' Knowing his wages, I looked surprised and said: 'Are you sure you can manage one on your own?' He answered 'Yes, sir, I have got the hire of a grass field from the rector's glebe. And will you sell me a churn and a pail, too?' Well, the upshot of it was, I sold him an old cow for eight pounds and a few dairy utensils for two pounds, and the very next day he came to me with the ten sovereigns in one hand and a halter in the other, and into my hands he laboriously counted out his entire capital. At the bottom of his cottage garden he possessed a sow in a sty and a score or so of hens. It was on the profits of the sow and the hens that he had

been able to buy the cow. He worked harder than he had ever done in his life before, and he kept outside the public-house. He had to take his butter as far as Burton to market, and in doing this he gradually established a carrier's business. Now, to-day, he farms no less than eighty acres, on which he keeps as many as forty head of horned stock, big and little, and four horses—not in one compact holding, mark you, but divided up in different parts of the village, and paying rent to four different landlords." His success is certainly remarkable, especially in a country-side where land is so poorly tilled that it carries but one sheep to the acre. The stock small holding, conducted by the right sort of man, will succeed where the market-garden will inevitably fail.—F. E. GREEN.